

THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 1586.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1858.—A Class for reading the subjects required at this Examination will be held in University College by Mr. N. TRAVERS, B.A. Oxon., and Mr. W. WATSON, B.A., London Assistant-Masters in the Junior School. The Classes will meet from 6 to 8 P.M. daily (Saturdays excepted) from TUESDAY, the 6th of April next, to the end of June. Fee £1.—Address to Mr. WATSON, 60, Oakley-square, and Mr. TRAVERS, 21, Euston-square; or at the College.

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NOTICE TO ARTISTS.—All Works of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, or Engraving, intended for the ensuing EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, must be sent in LONDON, on or before TUESDAY, the 6th of April next, after which time no Work can possibly be received, nor any Works be received which have already been publicly exhibited.

PAINTINGS.—All Pictures and Drawings must be in gilt frames. Oil Paintings under glass, and Drawings with wide margins are included. Extra Pictures in Frames as well as projecting mouldings may prevent Pictures obtaining the situation they otherwise merit. The other Regulations necessary to be observed may be obtained at the Royal Academy.

FRIDAY.—EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS.—EDWARD KNIGHT, A.R.A., Sec.

EVERY possible care will be taken of Works sent for exhibition, but the Royal Academy will not hold itself accountable in any case of injury or loss, nor can it undertake to pay the carriage of any package.

The prices of Works to be disposed of may be communicated to the Secretary.

ARTISTS.—THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF INVENTIONS will be OPENED on MONDAY, the 5th of April next. Articles for exhibition, whether Specimens, Models, or Drawings, must be forwarded to the Secretary of the Society, not later than Saturday, the 3rd of March. No charge is made for the exhibition, and the Exhibition is FREE to the Public. Persons intending to exhibit should communicate with the Secretary of the Society of Arts as soon as possible. By order, P. LE NEVE KESTER, Secretary. Society's House, Adelphi, W.C., Feb. 3, 1858.

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THE EXHIBITIONS OF PLANTS, FLOWERS, and FRUIT these last will take place on WEDNESDAY, May 1st, June 2nd and 3rd. Tickets are 1s. 6d. and may be obtained at the Gardens only by orders from Fellows or Members of the Society, price, on or before Saturday, May 1st, 4s.; after that day, 6s. each.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, South Kensington.—MUSEUM.—WEDNESDAY NEXT, at Eight o'clock, M. G. G. SCOTT, A.R.A., will LECTURE on "The Selection of Objects for Study in the Architectural Museum." This Lecture is especially intended for Carvers and Art-workmen.

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The names of Candidates, together with the University Fees, (£1. 10s. for the Senior Examination, or 10s. for the Junior Examination, and 10s. in addition for each Candidate, towards the general expenses of the local arrangements, must be sent to the Secretary on or before March 1st, 1858.

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The Cardinal's book begins on the 18th of December, 1818, when its writer arrived in Rome, one of six "youths sent to colonize the English College in that city after it had been desolate and uninhabited during almost the period of a generation." Forty years ago, the journey to Italy, for those who did not travel in lordly style and state, might be, as was this English party's, a matter of eleven weeks. There was a tedious sea voyage to Leghorn, and a trailing drive from Florence along a road where the woods on either hand had been cut down in order to strip away their screen from the brigands,—where on many a wayside post were withering "the limbs, still fresh, of executed outlaws." Pleasant and cheerful seemed the English College when reached, a home with—"wide and lofty vaulted corridors; a noble staircase leading to vast and airy halls succeeding one another; spacious garden, glowing with the lemon and orange, and presenting to one's first approach a perspective in fresco by Pozzi, one engraved by him in his celebrated work on Perspective; a library, airy, cheerful and large, whose shelves, however, exhibited a specimen of what antiquarians call *opus tumultuarium*, in the piled-up disorganized volumes, from folio to duodecimo, that crammed them; a refectory wainscoted in polished walnut, and above that, painted by the same hand, with St. George and the Dragon, ready to drop on to the floor from the groined ceiling; still

better, a chapel, unfurnished indeed, but illuminated from floor to roof with the saints of England and celestial glories. * * Just within the great entrance-door, a small one to the right led into the old church of the Holy Trinity, which wanted but its roof to restore it to use. There it stood, nave and aisles, separated by pillars connected by arches, all in their places, with the lofty walls above them. The altars had been, indeed, removed; but we could trace their forms, and the painted walls marked the frames of the altar-pieces, especially of the noble painting by Durante Alberti, still preserved in the house, representing the Patron-Mystery, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and St. Edward the Martyr. This vision of the past lasted but a few years; for the walls were pronounced unsafe, and the old church was demolished, and the unsightly shell of a thoroughly modern church was substituted for the old basilica, under the direction of Valadier, a good architect, but one who knew nothing of the feelings which should have guided his mind and pencil in such a work. * * Around lay scattered memorials of the past. One splendid monument, erected to Sir Thomas Dereham at the bottom of the church, was entirely walled up and roofed over, and so invisible. But shattered and defaced lay the richly effigied tombs of an Archbishop of York and a prior of Worcester, and of many other English worthies: while sadder wreckage of the recent storm was piled on one side,—the skulls and bones of perhaps Cardinal Allen, F. Persons, and others, whose coffins had been dragged up from the vaults below and converted into munitions of war. And if there was required a living link between the present and the past, between the young generation that stood at the door and the old one that had passed into the crypt of the venerable church, there it was, in the person of the more than octogenarian porter Vincenzo, who stood, all salutation from the wagging appendage to his grey head to the large silver buckles on his shoes, mumbling toothless welcomes in a yet almost unknown tongue, but full of humble joy and almost patriarchal affection, on seeing the haunts of his own youth repeopled."

A few days after their arrival the six English students were presented to Pope Pius the Seventh, by whom they were received with simple graciousness. The Cardinal bears testimony to the fine perception and accuracy with which Lawrence has caught the outward man of Barnabas Chiaramonti, and recalls some particulars of the Pope's early life. He was the son of a noble mother, whose own high distinction among the devout of the Romish Church would have been "recognized by beatification" on her decease, we are told, had it not been resolutely opposed by her son. The legend is, that when Chiaramonti was still young, she distinctly prophesied to him that he would one day be Pope, and as such be called on to endure as head of the Church unusual storm and suffering. At sixteen he had joined a Benedictine fraternity,—had laid by all distinctions of rank and fortune,—

"had dropped his high-sounding names of Barnabas Chiaramonti for simple Don Gregory (first, indeed, only Brother); made but one of a party, clothed alike, and without distinction, beyond that of the assumed monastic name. He walked the streets, and was jostled in crowds, and probably could not have paid for a cool refreshment. It was in this way that he hastened to the square of St. Peter's to witness the coronation of Clement XIV. This imposing ceremony is performed in the *loggia*, whence the Pope gives his benediction, looking into the superb esplanade densely thronged. Eager to get a look at the spectacle, and clear himself of the throng that elbowed him, he leapt up behind an empty carriage. The coachman turned round, but instead of resenting this intrusion on his dominions, said, good-naturedly, to him, 'My dear little monk, why are you so anxious to see a function which one day will fall to your lot?'"

We cannot trace the successive steps by which the young Benedictine rose into that

prominence out of which comes the fulfilment of such auguries as the above. His considerateness, kindness and affability, when at last he was invested with the tiara, are dwelt on,—and as a marking trait (which Cardinal Wiseman expressly signalizes as an advance in Papal morals), the fact is stated that in his patronage the Pope was regardless of relationship as constituting "claims to dignity and favour. He was in this," proceeds our author, "irreproachable, and his conduct has been an example and law to his successors." Yet Cardinal Facci (whose memoirs are well known to the English reader) attributes to him "irresolution when left to himself,"—otherwise the very gentleness and timidity of spirit which are liable to be abused by solicitation. That cheerful courage and conscientiousness came to the Pope in times of emergency we are reminded by the notices of his captivity, his journey into France, and the interview with Napoleon at Fontainebleau. So often has the tale been told, that with newer matter lying in profusion around us, it may be here passed by. The return to his throne in Rome, and the extent to which the Pope had to provide for the "sweeping and garnishing" of the high places of Catholicism are dwelt on with due unction by the Cardinal. After such a period of absence and confusion, all the festival solemnities of the Church had (we mean no sarcasm) to be dressed and decorated anew. The Cardinal describes vividly the Benediction and the *Corpus Christi* procession, adding (if we may believe other travellers) somewhat from the colour-treasury of his own enthusiasm, to the humble dignity and spiritual abstractedness, which made (for him) the Pope so striking a central figure in these splendours. "It is the soul that sees,"—though, doubtless, the first pageants presided over by a Monarch returned from exile must have, for all who side with that monarch, some element more of heart and humanity than belongs to them when they succeed one another in ordinary formal course.

If Pius the Seventh was so firm in his convictions as to issue not dishonourably from the strife with Napoleon,—sagacious as a statesman (who had a Consalvi at his elbow),—liberal and somewhat active in the patronage of Art, as Canova's friend and frequent host should be,—simple in his habits and sedulous in his duties,—it is to be feared that energy failed him on resuming his seat in Rome in one important matter of justice. The Cardinal's chapter on "Brigandage" must be read with discrimination, though also with pleasure by all who love a picturesque chapter. How picturesque this is the reader shall judge for himself from the following description, introductory to an anecdote of the year 1820:—

"The English College possesses a country-house, deliciously situated in the village of Monte Porzio. Like most villages in the Tuscany territory, this crowns a knoll, which in this instance looks as if it had been kneaded up from the valleys beneath it, so round, so shapely, so richly bosoming does it swell upwards; and so luxuriously clothed is it with the three gifts whereby 'men are multiplied,' that the village and its church seem not to sit on a rocky summit, but to be half sunk into the lap of the olive, the vine, and the waving corn, that reach the very houses. While the entrance and front of this villa are upon the regular streets of the little town, the garden side stands upon the very verge of the hill-top; and the view, after plunging at once to the depths of the valley, along which runs a shady road, rises up a gentle acclivity, vine and olive clad, above which is clasped a belt of stately chestnuts, the bread-tree of the Italian peasant, and thence springs a round craggy mound, looking stern and defiant like what it was—the citadel of Tusculum. Upon its rocky front the English students have planted a huge cross. Such is the view which

presents itself immediately opposite to the spectator, if leaning over the low parapet of the English garden. The beauties to right and to left belong not to our present matter. Well, just where the vineyards touch the woods, as if to adorn both, there lies nestling what you would take to be a very neat and regular village. A row of houses, equidistant and symmetrical, united by a continuous dwarf wall, and a church with its towers in the midst, all of dazzling whiteness, offer no other suggestion. The sight certainly would deceive one; but not so the ears. There is a bell that knows no sleeping. The peasant hears it as he rises at daybreak to proceed to his early toil, the vine-dresser may direct every pause for refreshment by its unfailing regularity through the day; the horseman returning home at evening uncovers himself as it rings forth the 'Ave'; and the muleteer singing on the first of his string of mules, carrying wine to Rome, at midnight is glad to catch its solemn peal as it mingles with the tinkle of his own drowsy bells. Such an unceasing call to prayer and praise can only be answered, not by monks nor by friars, but by anchorites. And to such does this sweet abode belong. A nearer approach does not belie the distant aspect. It is as neat, as regular, as clean, and as tranquil as it looks. It is truly a village divided by streets, in each of which are rows of houses exactly symmetrical. A small sitting-room, a sleeping cell, a chapel completely fitted up, in cases of illness, and a wood and lumber-room compose the cottage. This is approached by a garden, which the occupant tills, but only for flowers, assisted by his own fountain abundantly supplied. While singing None in choir, the day's only meal is deposited in a little locker within the door of the cell, for each one's solitary refection. On a few great festivals they dine together; but not even the Pope, at his frequent visits, has meat placed before him. Everything, as has been said, is scrupulously clean. The houses inside and out, the well-furnished library, the strangers' apartments (for hospitality is freely given), and still more the church, are faultless in this respect. And so are the venerable men who stand in choir, and whose noble voices sustain the Church's magnificent psalmody, with unwavering slowness of intonation. They are clad in white from head to foot; their thick woollen drapery falling in large folds; and the shaven head, but flowing beard, the calm features, the cast-down eyes, and often venerable aspect, make every one a picture, as solemn as Zurbaran ever painted, but without the sternness which he sometimes imparts to his recluses. They pass out of the church, to return home, all silent and unnoticed; but the guest-master will tell you who they are. I remember but a few. This is a native of Turin, who was a general in Napoleon's army, fought many battles, and has hung up his sword beside the altar, to take down in its place the sword of the Spirit, and fight the good fight within. The next is an eminent musician, who has discovered the hollowness of human applause, and has unstrung his earthly harp, and taken up 'the lyre of the Levite,' to join his strains to those of angels. Another comes 'curved like a bridge's arch,' as Dante says, and leaning on a younger arm, as he totters forward, one whose years are ninety, of which seventy have been spent in seclusion, except a few of dispersion, but in peace: for he refuses any relaxation from his duties. Then follows a fourth, belonging to one of the noblest Roman families, who yet prefers his cottage and his lentil to the palace and the banquet. Such was the Camaldoli, and such were its inmates, when a robber chief determined to carry them off into the mountains."

We cannot pursue the anecdote further—into its details of ransom and rescue. Still less can we agree with him who narrates it so well, that all which could be done was then, or has since been, done by the Pontifical Government to wipe out such a shame, and to destroy such a scourge from among the Italian peasantry as habitual brigandage. Least of all can we admit that the Cardinal's appeal to what happens in the *purlieus* of Temple Bar, or to the isolated crimes of any English year, amounts to

a parallel fair, equal, or tenable. We will not however, be seduced into criticism or controversy; but rather draw on the Cardinal's recollections for a figure or two belonging to Rome during the first Pontificate commemorated by him, and sketched with a touch of that humour without which, as he has elsewhere shrewdly said, there exists no real benevolence. One of these was—

"The antiquarian Fea, one of those men of the old school, like the Scaligers, the Vossii, or rather Gravinius and Gronovius, who could bring to the illustration of any subject a heap of erudition from every imaginable source, from classics or Fathers, from medals, vases, bas-reliefs, or unneeded fragments of antique objects, hidden amidst the rubbish of museum magazines. He is perhaps best known in the literary world by his magnificent edition of Winkelmann, the notes to which are not inferior in value to the text. Indeed, one might say that the two authors divide the qualities of the book: the unfortunate German, who was assassinated by his servant, bringing to it the taste and sagacity of the artistic antiquarian, and his Italian annotator the abundant, or even redundant, learning of the erudite but dry archaeologist. Day after day might one see him, sitting for hours in the same place, in the library of the Minerva, at the librarian's desk, poring to the end of life over old books still. * * He was indeed an antiquarian of the old school, as has been remarked; and perhaps, had he been asked which method he preferred, the digging in the earth round ancient monuments, to discover their history and name, or the excavating them from old authors, and determining them by skilful combinations of otherwise unintelligible passages, he might have preferred the second method. * * The Abbate Fea was verily not a comely, nor an elegant man, at least in his old age; he had rather the appearance of a piece of antiquity, not the less valuable because yet coated with the dust of years, or a medal, still rich in its own oxidation. He was sharp and rough, and decisive in tone, as well as dogmatic in judgment. If one went up to him, rather timidly, at his usual post, to request him to decipher a medal at which one had been poking for hours, he would scarcely deign to look at it, but would tell you at once whose it was; adding, perhaps for your consolation, that it was of no value. A contrast to him in externals, was another priest, whose learning was as various, though of a totally different class, the Abbate Francesco Cancellieri. I remember him coming to pay his annual Christmas visit to the rector of the College, an octogenarian at least, tall, thin, but erect, and still elastic; clean and neat to faultlessness, with a courteous manner, and the smiling countenance that can only be seen in one who looks back serenely on many years well spent. He used to say that he began to write at eighteen and had continued till eighty; and certainly there never was a more miscellaneous author. The peculiar subjects of which he treats, and even the strange combinations in their very titles, are nothing, compared with the unlooked-for matters that are jumbled and jostled together inside. Few would have thought of writing a volume on 'the head physicians of the Popes'; or on 'the practice of kissing the Pope's foot antecedently to the embroidery of the cross on his shoe'; or on 'the three papal functions in the Vatican Church'; or on 'men of great memory, or who have lost their memories'; or, finally, 'on the country houses of the Popes, and the bite of the Tarantula spider.' But the fact is, that under these titles are to be found stray waifs and *trouailles* of erudition, which no one would think of looking for there. Hence his works must be read through to ascertain what they really contain. No clue is given by the title, or any other usual guide, to the materials of his books."

Pope Leo the Twelfth, Annibale della Genga, who succeeded to Pius the Seventh, was elected, after a conclave of five-and-twenty days, in September, 1823. There have been amanuensis who have declared that this Pope's nomination was brought about by one of those accidents which

sometimes determine the election of a member in a club, where, in order that A's popular man may not take the place of B's popular man, C, being unpopular and pleasing to neither, is chosen in preference. Such, if Memory does not deceive us, was an impression promulgated at the time of the transaction. It is needless to say that no trace of any such deciding chance is to be found in Cardinal Wiseman's record. Each successive Pope must for him be the best, the one, the only man who could have been chosen. Our author notes with an artist's hand an incident in the ceremonial of the enthronement.—

"For the first time I witnessed pontifical High Mass in St. Peter's. All was new: the ceremony, the circumstances, the person. * * And the peculiar moment in which he [Pope Leo the Twelfth] stands painted, clear as an old picture, in my memory, was one which can only be once passed in each pontificate. As the procession was slowly advancing towards the high altar of the Vatican basilica, it suddenly paused, and I was but a few feet from the chair of state, on which, for the first time, the Pontiff was borne. No other Court could present so grand and so overpowering a spectacle. In the very centre of the sublimest building on earth, there stood around a circle of officers, nobles, princes, and ambassadors in their dazzling costumes; and within them the highest dignitaries of religion on earth, bishops and patriarchs of the Western and of the Eastern Church, with the sacred college in their embroidered robes, crowned by heads, which an artist might have rejoiced to study, and which claimed reverence from every beholder. But rising on his throne, above them, was he whom they had raised there, in spite of tears and remonstrances. * * And wherefore this pause in the triumphant procession towards the altar over the Apostles' tomb, and to the throne beyond it? * * A clerk of the papal chapel holds up right before him a red, surmounted by a handful of flax. This is lighted: it flashes up for a moment, dies out at once, and its thin ashes fall at the Pontiff's feet, as the chaplain, in a bold sonorous voice, chaunts aloud: 'Pater Sancte, sic transtulit gloria mundi.' * * Three times is this impressive rite performed in that procession, as though to counteract the earthly influences of a triple crown. The Pope, pale and languid, seemed to bend his head, not in acquiescence merely, but as though in testimony to that solemn declaration; like one who could already give it the evidence of experience."

The new Pontiff was sixty-four years old when he was elected,—known to be of delicate health,—and it may be—if the rumour to which we have referred have any base in truth—that many counted on his holding St. Peter's keys for only a brief reign. Like other habitual invalids, however, he disappointed expectation,—if such there was.—

"If the Pope had not taken any part in public affairs, if his health had kept him even out of sight during previous years, he now displayed an intelligence and an activity which bade fair to make his pontificate one of great celebrity. But he had scarcely entered on its duties, when all the ailments of his shattered constitution assailed him with increased fury, and threatened to cut short at once all his hopeful beginnings. Early in December he was so ill as to suspend audiences; before the end he was considered past recovery. In the course of January, 1824, he began to rally, against all hope. On the 26th of that month, I find the following entry in the journal before me:—'I had my first audience of Leo XII. He was ill in bed, as pale as a corpse, and much thinner than last year, but cheerful and conversable.'"

Leo the Twelfth is described as more energetic in his deeds than his predecessor. He succeeded to the heritage of a ruined *Basilica*, in the Church of St. Paul, but disdaining to consider it a ruin, he at once set on foot those remarkable works of restoration, which (insane or not, the site of the building considered,) are magnificent in their scale, and are now

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close on completion. He curbed the river Anio at Tivoli.—

"He placed the finances of the State under rigid administration, and brought into such a condition, that he was able early to diminish taxation to no inconsiderable degree. Immediately after his coronation, he abolished several imposts; in March, 1824, and January, 1825, still further reductions were made in taxes which pressed unequally on particular classes."

The Cardinal goes on to say, that Leo the Twelfth occupied himself especially in the subject of education. He had an eye to morals, and to the scandals which some of the Catholic ceremonials were said to engender.—

"He suppressed, for ever, one of the most singular and beautiful scenes connected with the functions of Holy Week. On the evenings of Thursday and Friday, the church of St. Peter's used to be lighted up by one marvellous cross of light, suspended from the dome. This artificial meteor flung a radiance on the altar, where all other lights were extinguished, and even round the tomb of the Apostles, where, on one evening, certain rites are performed; it illuminated brightly the balcony under the cupola, from which venerable reliquias are exhibited, and it sent a flood of light along every open space, tipping every salient point and coigne with radiance, and leaving sharp-cut shadows beyond. It was such an effect of chiaro-oscuro,—the most brilliant chiaro and the densest oscuro,—as every artist loved to contemplate. But it was over-beautiful: it attracted multitudes who only went to see its grand effects. While pilgrims from the south were on their knees crowded into the centre of the church, travellers from the north were promenading in the wondrous light, studying its unrivalled effects, peeping into the darksome nooks, then plunging into them to emerge again into a sunshine that had no transition of dawn. And, doing all this, they talked, and laughed, and formed chatting groups, then broke into lounging sauntering parties, that treated lightly of all intended to be most solemn. It made one sore and irritable to witness such conduct, nay ashamed of one's home manners, on seeing well-dressed people unable to defer to the sacred feelings of others, bringing what used to be the behaviour in old 'Paul's' into great St. Peter's. Unhappily for generations to come, it was considered impossible to check this disorder, except by removing its cause. The illuminated cross, which was made of highly burnished-copper plates studded with lamps, disappeared, at the beginning of Leo's reign, by his orders; and, except when once renewed as a profane spectacle by the Republican leaders, it has been allowed to lie at rest in the lumber-rooms of the Vatican. In the two papal chapels raised seats had been long introduced, for the special accommodation of foreign ladies, who could thence follow the ceremonies performed at the altar. The privilege thus granted had been shamefully abused. Not only levity and disrespectful behaviour, not only giggling and loud talking, but eating and drinking, had been indulged in within the holy place. Remonstrance had been vain, and so had other precautions of tickets and surveillance. One fine day, the ladies, on arriving, found the raised platform no more; the seats were low on the ground, sufficient for those who came to pray, and join in the services, quite useless for those who came only to stare in wilful ignorance, or scoff in perverse malice."

Further, Leo the Twelfth shut up the wine-shops as places of resort,—banned from the gallery, built by the more lenient Chiaramonti, certain groups, by which "morality might be compromised,"—though, on the other hand, he set on foot the Etruscan Museum in the Vatican, now so splendid. As an instance of the sweetness with which he tempered his disciplinary severities, the following anecdote is given.—

"I will mention a singular visit which he one day unexpectedly received. It is well known that ladies are not admitted into the portion of the palace occupied by the Pope. He leaves his

apartment for the museum or library, when he receives them. During hours of general audience the ante-rooms present an appearance of considerable state. Each of them has its body of guards, more for becoming appearance than for any effectual services; and chamberlains, clerical and lay, are in attendance in the inner chambers, as other classes of officers are in the outer. But soon after twelve all this formal court disappears; silence and solitude reign through the papal apartments. ** One afternoon it was announced to the Pope that a lady had made her way past the guard, and had penetrated far, before she was discovered, into the penetralia of the palace. She had been of course stopped in her progress, or she might have found herself suddenly in the presence-chamber, or rather in the study usually occupied by the Pontiff at that hour. What was to be done with her? was asked in dismay. Such an act of presumption had never before been known; there was a mystery about her getting in: and this was all the more difficult of solution, because the intruder could not speak Italian, and it could only be collected that she desired to see the Pope. Let it be remembered that secret societies were then becoming alarmingly rife, and that domestic assassination of persons in high places had been attempted, occasionally with success. The Pope apprehended no such danger, and desired the adventurous lady to be admitted at once. He gave her a long audience, treating her with his usual kindness. She was an American woman, who had been seized with a strong charitable desire to convert the Pope from what she considered his errors, and had thus boldly and successfully attempted to obtain a conference with him. ** It was from Cardinal Pacca, at the Villa Clementina, that we heard this anecdote; and he mentioned that the Pope asked her if she had not believed him to have a cloven (or ox's) foot; but she, halting between her courtesy and her truthfulness, hesitated to answer, especially as she had given furtive glances towards the hem of the papal cassock. On which the Pope good-naturedly convinced her that he was clearly shod on human and Christian principles."

Assuredly, this dear adventurous lady must have been grandchild of that Quakeress, who "had a concern"—as the language of the Society of Friends runs—to go to Constantinople, for the purpose of bringing over the Grand Turk to the principles of George Fox.

The great event of the Pontificate of Leo the Twelfth (continues the Cardinal) was the Jubilee of 1825. The reception of the pilgrims, with the incident of the washing of their feet, done on canvas so well by Wilkie,—the visitations of churches and shrines,—are all described with unction by our author, in his peculiar florid style. In order to render the highways and byways to Rome secure for the faithful, the Pope determined on a complete extinction of the system of brigandage.

"The last act, however, of its destruction deserves recording. A good old priest, the Abbate Pellegrini, Archpriest of Sezze, ventured alone to the mountains which formed the head-quarters and stronghold of the banditti, unauthorized and uninvited. Without pass-word besides the expression of his charity, without a pledge to give that his assurances would be confirmed, without any claim, from position, to the fulfilment of his promises, he walked boldly into the midst of the band, and preached to them repentance and change of life. They listened: perhaps they knew that active measures were being planned for their extermination; more probably the very simplicity and daring of the feeble unarmed peace-maker touched their rude natures, and they wavered. But they were among the most dreaded of their race, nay, the most unpardonable, for some of them had been the assassins of the Terracina students. One of them was their chief Gasbarone, who owned to the commission of many murders. What hope could they entertain of pardon? The old man took upon himself to give his priestly word that their lives would be spared: they believed that word, and surrendered to him at discretion. The city of Sezze was

astonished at beholding this herd of wolves led in by a lamb. ** His word was respected, his promise fulfilled; and these brutal men are dying out their lives of expiation in the fortress of Civita Vecchia."

It was during this Pontificate that L'Abbé de La Mennais figured in Rome, long before his days of coffee-grinding in Béranger's chimney-corner, or of exchanging with Madame Dudevant those mystical confidences, which plain people might be apt to describe with a very home-spun adjective. A reminiscence of this singular man, in the bloom of his orthodoxy, can hardly fail to be welcome.—

"Never [says Cardinal Wiseman] had the head of a religious school possessed so much of fascinating power to draw the genius, energy, devotedness, and sincerity of ardent youth about him; never did any so well indoctrinate them with his own principles as to make these invincible by even his own powers. ** How he did so mightily prevail on others it is hard to say. He was truly in look and presence almost contemptible; small, weakly, without pride of countenance or mastery of eye, without any external grace; his tongue seemed to be the organ by which unaided he gave marvellous utterance to thoughts clear, deep and strong. Several times have I held long conversations with him, at various intervals, and he was always the same. With his head hung down, his hands clasped before him, or gently moving in one another, in answer to a question he poured out a stream of thought, flowing spontaneous and unripped as a stream through a summer meadow. He at once seized the whole subject, divided it into its heads, as symmetrically as Fléchier or Massillon; then took them one by one, enucleated each, and drew his conclusions. All this went on in a monotonous but soft tone, and was so unbroken, so unhesitating, and yet so polished and elegant that, if you had closed your eyes, you might have easily fancied that you were listening to the reading of a finished and elaborately corrected volume."

Cardinal Wiseman intimates that, but for the seduction which the showy French Churchman exercised over the Head of the Church, Dr. Lingard might have been made a Cardinal. Speculation cannot help thinking what might have happened had La Mennais been crowned with the hat! The crown, however, fell elsewhere.—On the other hand, our Cardinal records, with disclaimers which we cannot admire, how, by an "unjust" recommendation on the part of the Rector of the English College, he was dragged from literary obscurity, by Pope Leo the Twelfth, and burthened with the English sermon to be preached in Rome. The Church of Gesu e Maria, in the Corso, was beautified for the English Roman Catholic Service. Bainsi wrote Motets for it, which, during Pope Leo's time, were helped by the Papal choir, and which, afterwards, were replaced by the well-known music of a noble English amateur, then Minister at Florence, performed under "his own direction."

In February, 1830, Leo the Twelfth died.—This book is too peculiar to be exhausted in a single notice: we may, therefore, return to it, and give in outline the features of the reigns of Pius the Eighth and Gregory the Sixteenth, which complete the volume.

Memoirs of James, Marquis of Montrose, K.G., Captain-General of Scotland. By James Grant. With Illustrations. (Routledge & Co.)

It is time that some inquiry were made into the ethics of cheap publishing. As far as such a movement furnishes (without the infringement of private rights) good literature at a moderate price to the public, every sensible person will give it approbation and encouragement. But is the pretence of cheapness and the free use of that favourite term, "the million," to justify practices which are

condemned in all trades, and in literature are peculiarly ungenerous? Is a dear book, of whatever merit, to be looked on simply as raw material, for the manufacture of cheap books? These are questions which, we fancy, the British public can only answer in one way, and which they may answer, on this occasion, in a manner not very flattering to Mr. James Grant.

That author gives us the following account, in his Preface, of the reasons which have induced him to favour the world with a new Life of the great Scottish Cavalier:—

"Between the publication of Bishop Wishart's work and the ample quartos of the Maitland Club, many memoirs of Montrose have appeared, but none that were much known, especially in England, or were within the reach of the million; and the Publishers believe that, for the first time, they are enabled to bring forward a popular and complete military history of the great Cavalier, and of the wars of his time."

Who would not think, from this, that Mr. Grant was for the first time doing justice to the hero of his book?—that no such performance as 'Memoir of Montrose' was known to the modern reader? Who would think that Mr. Mark Napier, of Edinburgh, had already, after great labour and research, published no less than four elaborate books on the Marquis, one of which was the subject of an *Essay* by Lord Stanhope in the *Quarterly*, and was extensively noticed in well-known periodicals? Nay, who would think (worst of all) that to the said books of Mr. Napier's, this new book of Mr. Grant's owes everything that gives it value? Yet, these are facts. In the face of them our author boldly ignores Mr. Napier's 'Memoirs of Montrose' altogether, and when he alludes to his other works at all, does so with the most ludicrous air of patronage which ever made a pretender ridiculous!—We are, ourselves, by no means pledged to Mr. Napier's views, and should probably, on fit occasion, criticize his style. But this is not a question only between Mr. Grant and Mr. Napier, but between Mr. Grant and the whole literary and reading world.

The plain fact is, that Mr. Grant has borrowed from his predecessor all that he dared, and ignored his existence as much as he could. There are whole pages which he could no more have written without his assistance than one could build a house without bricks. Begin at the beginning, and we find all the interesting details of Montrose's boyhood bodily lifted out of the documents recovered by Mr. Napier from the charter-chest of the Grahams. Advance to pages 15 and 16, where there is a description of the hero in his youth,—it is all derived from a previous description by Mr. Napier of a portrait which he himself was the first man to discover, in the castle of the Carnegie family. As Mr. Grant begins he continues. Burnet gossips erroneously about the Marquis on a certain occasion:—Mr. Napier rebukes him; Mr. Grant follows exactly in his wake. Montrose does something of great importance, "advised by Rother," and Mr. Grant duly echoes the explanation. Presently we come to a reference, "Spalding,"—but the fact is in Napier;—or a reference, "Guthry,"—in Napier again. "Huntley's jealousy" explains something, according to Napier;—"jealousy of Huntley," quotes the faithful Grant. "Sneers of English courtiers" are represented by Napier,—and at once the frown is mimicked by Grant. It is tedious to track a man in this way, to measure his shoes with the footmarks he makes, and so on; but we have done it sufficiently to convince us of the overwhelming nature of the new biographer's obligations to the old one. Of course, it is not very clumsily done,—and it is painful to see

that the kind of thing is becoming *an art*,—but it is sometimes done with sufficient servility to enable us to expose it in parallel passages. For instance, in the following passages, describing a remarkable interview between the ambassadors of the Kirk and Montrose at the outset of Montrose's loyal career:—

"Our hero took care 'To prevent the circulation of any false ver-
sions of the conversation, the Earl was accom-
panied by his two sted-
with himself. His rela-
tives, Lord Napier and Sir George Stirling, Mont-
along with Lord Ogilvy,
being all together at Keir, he made partakers
of this strange and some-
what picturesque con-
ference beside the River Forth.
Saluting the
Moderator of the Kirk
with a respectful frank-
ness, he referred," &c.
"Thrown off his guard by the frankness of this ad-
dress, the reverend diplo-
matist," &c. 'Memoirs
of Montrose,' by James
Grant, p. 145 [1858].
[1856].

—Now, here it is not only that the mere facts are borrowed, but the ideas—the moral characteristics of the interview—are simply repeated by the later of the writers. This is the way in which Mr. Grant does his business throughout, as far as his limits permit him. At page 140, for example, he coolly reprints a letter of Henrietta Maria's which Mr. Napier had discovered in the Montrose charter-chest without a word of acknowledgment. It is obvious that such proceedings have a tendency to discourage private gentlemen who are fortunate enough to have access to such precious collections from giving the fruits of their labours to the world.

We wish (assuming that such a book as Mr. Grant's was inevitable) that when he was helping himself to Mr. Napier's material, he had done it wisely. He proves conclusively that he has no research, by adopting errors from the earlier books of Mr. Napier which that gentleman has corrected from further discoveries in his latest edition of the 'Memoirs.' Thus, we have a special chapter—the fourth—devoted to "Lady Magdalene's Death." We are informed that that lady died when her husband, Montrose, was "only twenty-one years old"; and the event is duly moralized upon. But the truth is that she lived many years after that time,—that she had more children than Mr. Grant attributes to her,—and that (a painful circumstance totally omitted by this industrious writer) she was alienated from her husband in political sympathies, and perhaps on good terms with his mortal foes. Mr. Grant might have also learned from the aforesaid latest edition why Lord Huntley did not show more fight against Montrose when his territories were invaded by him in Montrose's early covenanting campaign; and that it is not so certain as he seems to think that it was the news of Montrose's victory over Argyle at Inverlochy which induced King Charles to break off the Treaty of Uxbridge. When an author is pillaging another author's book, he may as well do it sagaciously. If it is right that cheap books should be manufactured out of dear books, why should not the latest editions of the latter be the victims? An Irish landlord in one of Lever's novels shears his sheep in the winter time—a more prudent man waits till their fleeces are full grown.

We can scarcely imagine what excuse will be made for the kind of proceeding which it has been our duty to expose. Mr. Grant's book is not so cheap after all, for we very much fear that few of the "million" can afford six shillings for third-rate biography. It is not better written than the work which it ignores and affects to supersede. It is not more popular in its views, for Mr. Grant is an out-and-out "Cavalier," and his pages overflow with a maudlin Gaelic patriotism which we can only liken to exceedingly weak and smoky whisky-and-water. The style and literary execution are at best respectable, and as for "wild and beautiful shore"—"greed of the Campbells"—"glitter of steel and flaunting of tartans"—are we not familiar with all this in the very different pages of 'The Legend of Montrose'? Briefly, the facts of this Life are, in the main, derived from an author whom the biographer all but ignores; and the garnish with which they are dished up is neither piquant nor alluring. We do not feel called upon to discuss Montrose's career *à propos* of such a publication, and indeed should scarcely have noticed it at all, if it did not involve considerations of the right and wrong, of the morals and courtesies, of the literary profession and the publishing trade.

A Volume of Vocabularies, illustrating the Condition and Manners of our Forefathers, as well as the History of the Forms of Elementary Education, and of the Languages spoken in this Island, from the Tenth Century to the Fifteenth. Edited, from MSS. in Public and Private Collections, by Thomas Wright, Esq. (Privately Printed)

THE public are indebted to the liberality of Mr. Mayer for this volume—the first of a series illustrating the general archaeology and history of our country. The debt is a heavy one, for we have rarely indeed met with a book of this nature of such great and varied interest. If the generality of such publications were as full of instruction as the present, we should hear no more sneers at the barren dryness of the antiquary's pursuit; but then small wits would be deprived of a standing joke which they can ill afford to lose. To say that the work is edited with ability is unnecessary, having named the editor.

The documents here collected for the first time (a few of them having been previously printed) are sixteen in number, consisting of MSS. scattered through numerous public and private collections, English and foreign. They are, with one exception, printed in the order of their supposed dates, the exception being a Vocabulary of the tenth or eleventh century, which, having been accidentally omitted in its place, is printed in an Appendix. The dates of these documents range from the tenth to the fifteenth century, commencing with the colloquy of Alfric and ending with a very curious Vocabulary, illustrated with rude pen-and-ink drawings of some of the articles named, from a MS. in the possession of Lord Londesborough.

They were composed for purposes of education, and are of course the most trustworthy records of the modes of instruction, the state of learning, and the changes of language in England at the periods to which they belong. They prove, as Mr. Wright remarks in his Introduction, "how little novelty there is in most of the plans for simplifying school teaching in more modern times, for in these mediæval treatises we meet with the prototypes of almost every scheme that has been proposed, from the more recent Hamiltonian system to the *Orbis Sensualium Pictus* of Comenius, which made so much noise by the novelty of its plan in the earlier part of the seventeenth century."

The first document here printed, the Colloquy of Archbishop Alfric, is in appearance an exact type of the Hamiltonian books, being a colloquy in Latin with a continuous interlinear gloss in Anglo-Saxon. The interlineations are, however, supposed to have been intended for the teacher of the tenth century, whereas in the Hamiltonian books they are meant to assist the pupil. In each case, however, instruction is sought to be conveyed in the same manner; and according to our own school experience, similar books (*cribs*, we think they were called) have not always been despised even by public school tutors in the nineteenth century.

The Colloquy itself is singularly well constructed, both for purposes of education and instruction. In the first place, it could not but interest the pupil, being quite dramatic in its treatment. Every one must admire the disciple (we mean as a boy, not as a scholar, for his Latin occasionally reminds us of that of Lord Chief Justice Kenyon) who, when asked "Vultis flagellari in discendo?" answered, "Carius est nobis flagellari pro doctrinâ, quam nescire; sed scimus te mansuetum esse, et nolle inferre plagas nobis, nisi cogaris a nobis," and who, when questioned as to whether his fellows have been flogged, nobly replies, "Quid me interrogas de hoc? Non audeo pandere tibi secreta nostra. Unusquisque scit si flagellatus erat an non." We doubt whether Tom Brown's schoolmaster could have produced a more interesting pupil. We are convinced we could have learnt not Latin only, but the Romany tongue itself with facility if taught in such an interesting manner.

Then, strange as it may appear, this Colloquy seems to recognize the fact, that the attainment of Latin is not the one thing needful in this life,—that the days of schooling must end, and the days of practical work begin. The pupil, indeed, asks only to be taught "*logut latialster recte*," but he learns much more. The dialogue is carried on between the master on the one side, and *Arator*, *Venator*, *Auceps*, *Mercator*, and other working people, and each is made in turn to give, with great clearness, an account of the manner in which he conducts his trade. *Mercator* especially sets forth the principle of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market pretty plainly. Nor is the duty of labour and the best manner of working, all that is here impressed upon the scholar, for *Sapiens*, being requested to decide which is the highest art, quaintly replies, "Dico tibi, mihi videtur servitum Dei inter istas artes primum teneare, sicut legitur in Evangelio, Primum querite regnum Dei et iustitiam ejus, et haec omnia adiumentum vobis."

We have dwelt at some length upon this Colloquy, because it is full of instruction which is valuable at this time, when education is the social question of the day. It points out the only method by which education can be spread among the people—namely, by interesting the pupil in his task; and it also shows the only way in which this can properly be done,—that is, by incorporating practical instruction adapted to the position of the pupil in his lesson. We are convinced by it that if the Archbishop had been the master of a village school in the present day, his pupils, if they were instructed in the natural history of the horse, would also be able to manage and groom one, and that their learning would extend not only to the nature and qualities of oils and the manner in which they are obtained, but to the trimming of a lamp.

Some of the subsequent documents consist of vocabularies of words with translations relating to particular subjects, as the body, dress, &c.; others are statements of articles necessary

for different purposes, furniture for a house, defences for a castle, cooking apparatus (which an ecclesiastic puts *first* in his list), and such like.

As illustrations of the history of the languages spoken in different ages they are equally important. It is hardly too much to say, that in this book the changes and transitions of our language may be traced in the same manner as those in architecture in many of our cathedrals. The value of the work in this point of view is stated in Mr. Wright's Introduction.

"I have endeavoured to collect together in the present volume all the Anglo-Saxon vocabularies that are known to exist, not only on account of their diversity, but because I believe that their individual utility will be increased by thus presenting them in a collective form. They represent the Anglo-Saxon language as it existed in the tenth and eleventh centuries; and, as written no doubt in different places, they may possibly present some traces of the local dialects of that period. The curious semi-Saxon vocabulary is chiefly interesting as representing the Anglo-Saxon in its period of transition, when it was in a state of rapid decadence. The interlinear gloss to Alexander Neckam, and the commentary on John de Garlande, are most important monuments of the language which for a while usurped among our forefathers the place of the Anglo-Saxon, and which we know by the name of the Anglo-Norman. In that partial vocabulary of the names of plants, which follows them, we have the two languages in juxtaposition, the Anglo-Saxon having then emerged from that state which has been termed semi-Saxon, and become early English. We are again introduced to the English language more generally by Walter de Biblesworth, the interlinear gloss to whose treatise represents no doubt the English of the beginning of the fourteenth century. All the subsequent vocabularies given here belong, as far as the language is concerned, to the fifteenth century. As written in different parts of the country, they bear evident marks of dialect; one of them—the vocabulary in Latin verse—is a very curious relic of the dialect of the West of England at a period of which such remains are extremely rare."

We cannot dwell upon the various interesting facts which appear incidentally in the course of this publication, or the able notes in which attention is directed to many of them; we may remark, however, that Mr. Wright thinks that he discovers a foreshadowing of the doctrine of phrenology in a treatise of the thirteenth century, and that the mariner's compass is mentioned in one of the twelfth century, in which it is described as pointing to the *east*. The fact is thus mentioned, and endeavoured to be explained in the Introduction.—

"The passage in the treatise *De Utensilibus* contains one particular which is very obscure, as Neckam informs us that when the needle ceased moving it pointed towards the east (*donec cuspis acus resipcial orientem*); and as all the manuscripts agree in this reading, and it is glossed by *est*, this must be the intention of the writer. I know no way of explaining this, unless it be by the supposition that, as in the twelfth century the East was the grand object of most voyages from this part of the world, an attempt had been made to improve the magnetic needle by adding to it a limb at right angles, which should point to the east when the needle itself pointed to the north; and that this was what Neckam calls the *cuspis acus*."

We have only directed attention to some of the interesting matters in this publication. It is, we think, a rich mine of antiquarian and historic treasure, and one which, thanks to Mr. Wright, may be worked without any extraordinary labour.

The Vocabulary of the Names of Plants of the Thirteenth Century affords matter interesting to the naturalist.

British Rule in India.—Suggestions towards the Future Government of India. By Harriet Martineau. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THESE volumes may be fitly noticed together, as the "Sketch" is the germ of which the "Suggestions" are the fruit, the preliminary labour by which the authoress endeavoured to arrive at a knowledge of the subject upon which she intended to be the instructress of others. Not much need be said about this historical epitome, which is a fair digest of the usual text-books, and exhibits the average amount of faults and merits of Miss Martineau's style. The opening chapter on "the Terrain" pleases us best for several reasons; of which one will suffice, that it is free from certain grave mistakes which we are sorry to detect in the following pages. Here we cannot but note for the advantage of our readers a circumstance which will enable them to gauge the general value of reviews of works on India. These volumes have been some time before the public, and have been widely noticed, yet not a single critic has detected the most palpable of the mistakes to which it becomes our duty to draw attention.

At p. 34, we find what may be called the vulgar error respecting the Taj, for most common it certainly is. We read—"The reigning Emperor, the son of Akbar, was by this time beginning to retrieve his character, chiefly through a long attachment to the immortal Nurjehan, the princess to whose memory the Taj-mahal at Agra was erected by her husband." Now, Nurjehan was the mistress of Jahangir, and sister of Asaf Jâh, his minister,—but the Taj was erected by Shah Jahan, son of Jahangir, in honour of Arjamand Banu, entitled Mumtâz Begam, daughter of Asaf Jâh, and wife of Shah Jahan. At p. 38, the authoress quotes without remark the absurd statement of "two hundred thousand men being left dead after a single battle." At p. 74, stress is laid upon the ignorance of the natives of India as to the population of Europe. It is possible that some natives may have thought that "Europe did not contain more than ten thousand men altogether," but in the commonest of all Indian books, written so long back as the reign of Taglak Shah, Europe is spoken of as a great empire and an imperial city there is described as surpassing all others on earth. Many other proofs might be brought, were it at all necessary, to show that the above idea about the scanty population of Europe never could have been general. At p. 144, we have the old mistake about Hyder. He is said to have been "a soldier of fortune of the lowest birth." This error springs from a deep root. In England especially poverty and mendicity are regarded very differently from the manner in which they are viewed in the East. No man in India would say "To beg I am ashamed." A Fakir may be now, and very often was, a man of good, nay, of the highest birth. The father of Hyder was a man whose descent could be traced back as far as our nobles to a religious personage of note, and his mother was of a good Arab family,—so, upon the whole, Hyder at starting might have wedded a princess as far as ancestry was concerned. Hyder did not die "before Madras," but at Chittur, 80 miles off,—and not in November, but in the beginning of December. At p. 192, we read, "the Poonah sovereigns were still captives," where the Satara Rajas are meant. But Poonah was never the capital of the Satara Rajas. Sivajee's principal residence was first at Torna, then at Raigarh, then at Raigarh, where his successor also was enthroned. In 1698 Satara became the capital under Raja Ram, and Poonah became the chief city of the

Marathas only in 1750, when Ballajee Bajee Rao Peshwa had usurped the power of the Satara Rajas.

We shall only mention one more mistake, and that is one so gross that, as we have said, we are surprised it should have been altogether overlooked. At page 141 we find that the Authorress has entirely mistaken the object of General Goddard's celebrated march, and the route he took. She sends him across India to deprive the French of their only remaining possession by capturing Mahe. A reference to the page above mentioned and those following will show that she has confused Col. Brathwaite's advance with Madras troops from Pondicherry against Mahe, with General Goddard's march through Central India to aid the Bombay Government in the support of the new Peshwa Raghoba. The two expeditions were so distinct, and at the same time so important, that we cannot understand how Miss Martineau could have made a mistake of such magnitude. *Apropos* of this, we may take the opportunity of correcting what must be a typographical error in Mill. Goddard is made to arrive at Surat on the 30th. It should be the 26th, for the month was February, and it is said that he was at Burhanpore on the 6th, and was only nineteen days on route thence to Surat.

Notwithstanding such mistakes, Miss Martineau's historical summary is as correct as the generality of books that now make their appearance on India, and does her credit considering the very short time she probably gave to its composition and to the study of the subject. Of her suggestions it is now unnecessary to speak, as the changes in the Government of India may be looked upon as settled within a certain margin. However, "Suggestions" appears to us to be hardly the word for an essay which is rather inhibitory than suggestive, and which, if condensed to the utmost limit, would amount to little more than "Look before you leap."

Rational Philosophy in History and in System.
By Alexander C. Fraser. (Hamilton & Co.)

All philosophical students will at once attend to a lecture by the successor of Sir W. Hamilton, giving a summary of the principles on which he proposes to teach a most difficult subject, in the room of a most eminent predecessor.

On this subject it is not advisable to write for the world at large, in the technical terms of the books which treat upon it. The very word *metaphysics* has lost its meaning in the mouths of most educated men; it generally signifies anything which savours of the psychological, anything which seems to demand attention to mental phenomena. A teacher of geometry is pronounced to be talking metaphysics when he calls attention to the existence of laws under which we must think, and properties of space which we cannot imagine otherwise. This takes place at one end of the chain, among the small talkers. At the other end, after many intervening links have been counted, we are lost in the attempt to express problems almost inconceivable, in language to which the dictionary gives little help. We come to the Absolute, that philosopher's nut of our century. And what is the Absolute? We will not attempt to say: let our readers study Kant, and they will get, we suppose, a fair average notion. For, to use the words of Sir W. Hamilton, Kant stands half way between the extreme opinions: he is intermediate between those who view the Absolute as the instinctive affirmation of an eccentric intuition and those who regard it as the factitious negative of an eccen-

tric generalization. There, reader, you have it: you may learn these words, and pass for a ridiculous philosopher at the first-named end of the chain; or you may study their meaning, and acquire a useful notion of human ignorance at the other.

Voltaire it was, we believe, who asserted that metaphysics take place when a person talks without understanding what he says to a listener who understands as little what he hears. And it was Voltaire who, without meaning it, penned the severest satire ever written against those who look on Metaphysics with contempt. His *Pococurante*, in 'Candide', after pronouncing dogmatical scepticisms on all things imaginable, dismisses the philosophers with the judgment that he finds they end in knowing nothing about it, and that he has no need of any one to help him to be ignorant. Poor fellow! it was the thing of all others he most wanted; the only thing he could not arrive at by himself: his omniscience would not combine with common-sense for want of a little ignorance. And, in truth, the knowledge of ignorance is one of the useful results of a well-balanced metaphysical study,—a result which is in many cases hopeless without it, a result of the highest practical utility in the conduct of life. He is but a silly observer who imagines that there are no metaphysicians except those who read Plato and Kant. We are all metaphysicians: little boys in the playground are metaphysicians; carpenters in the workshop are metaphysicians; it is not many weeks since some dastardly metaphysicians killed many innocent ones in attempting the life of a crowned metaphysician. Who does not pronounce upon the possible and the impossible? And every one who does so believes he knows something about the great problem of existence, about *ens quatenus ens*. Between *it never is*, and *it cannot be*, there is a great gulf; and the bridge over this gulf, upon which we are constantly travelling, is Metaphysics.

The difference which exists between the natural and the educated metaphysician lies in this, that the former has no right to the name. His ontology does not come where Aristotle placed it, *μετα τα φυσικα*, *after*, not *before*, a diligent study of existence, mental and material. Accordingly, unless he can manage, be it by his own thought, be it by positive teaching, to learn how man stands with respect to knowledge of things, he will be *nothing but* a metaphysician to the end of his days.

Well-understood and well-defined ignorance is knowledge. To know precisely what it is we cannot know is to *know*; and to carry on the tautology, many persons know what they cannot know, merely because they do not know that they cannot know it. Accordingly, in all the best systems of liberal education, Psychology and Metaphysics have been encouraged. Those who think best about education are not discouraged, even by the occasional vagaries of the metaphysical teacher; for they know that, though the teacher himself may have been hurt by an unbalanced quantity of one kind of reading, he may nevertheless introduce his pupils very satisfactorily to the power of examination of their own minds, and the perception of the difficulties of the subject. Provided always, that metaphysical study be consequent upon a sufficient previous amount of study of things.

The University of Edinburgh stands out among British schools in the prominence which metaphysical study has obtained. Not that the teachers have been men of widely extended fame; Hamilton is the only one of all Prof. Fraser's predecessors who has gained wide reputation. Mr. Fraser gives the list of Hamilton's predecessors back to 1708; Ritchie, Fin-

layson, Bruce, Stevenson, Drummond,—not Reid, not Stewart, not Brown.

In this University the chairs of Logic and of Metaphysics have always been united. In the old English Universities no professorship of either kind exists. In the Middle Ages, logic was the companion of grammar as one of the lower studies, and neither logic nor Latin was of that higher class of studies which descended to modern times as *chairs*. The *Reader* in Logic still exists at Oxford; but Cambridge has lost even this inferior officer. There is much to be said in favour of the separation of the *chairs* of Logic and Metaphysics, supposing that proper provision could be made for separate teachers. The two subjects begin to have their boundaries distinctly seen, and their separate utility appreciated.

Mr. Fraser succeeds Sir W. Hamilton in his chairs, and, to a great extent, carries on his predecessor's opinions; he is a true *realist*, admitting at once the truth and the incomprehensibility of external existence of matter, as distinguished from mind. After all the controversy of centuries between different sorts of idealism and different sorts of realism, philosophy seems coming round to the plain belief of unassisted human nature. *Pococurante* would have said that he needed no study which ends where it begins; and would then have proceeded to show that his whole mind would have been the better for making the *grand tour*. Should the intellectual powers at last return to the plain belief of the common sense of mankind, they will remain in possession of a rich museum of thought, of an extensive armoury against fallacies, of a large book of exercises with a rational key, which they could never have had but for the fight of scepticism and positivism, of realism and idealism, of the advocates of comprehensibility and of incomprehensibility. In returning to the popular belief, the educated metaphysician will have that wholesome knowledge of ignorance which the natural metaphysician does not often compass. And it will be acknowledged that a great part of this great battle of centuries has been rather psychological than ontological, and not without its fruits. The points of connexion between the contending systems, the necessity under which each side has found itself of making some strange admissions in order to meet the crucial objections of the other, involve a hundred inquiries which stand in the closest relation to unmixed psychology. The contending systems are very cannibals: neither tries to kill the enemy, and have the pleasure of giving him Christian burial; each wants to eat the other, and to convert his mangled remains into nutrient for himself. We are reminded by them of Dr. Pangloss, who, when the familiar of the Inquisition, slyly watching his exposition of the necessary doctrine, remarks "Apparently the gentleman does not believe in free will?"—replies, "Pray excuse me, it was necessary the will should be free."

We can hardly undertake, on so brief a sketch as is contained in the summary before us, to give any detail of Prof. Fraser's views, an abridgment of an abridgment is dangerous. We shall only observe that the author, hitherto a writer of essays, shows an ability to sum up in brief space which is a new evidence of power.

History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Vols. III. and IV. (Parker & Son.)

The dreamer after the Lady of Shalot has been described as a poet for poets. The enthusiast of 'The Eclipse of Faith' is content to be an historian for historians. Evidently seeking a

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peculiar audience, fit though it be only few, he sneers at popular writers and treats their easy theories and assumptions with the scorn of a man thoroughly informed and thoroughly in earnest. His four volumes on the reign of Henry the Eighth contain a disquisition, not a procession—a defence rather than a picture—a patient untwining of diplomatic and ecclesiastical threads, not a woven tissue brilliant with colours and attractive with life. Mr. Froude never heats the blood and fires the pulse. Coldly cautious and reserved—jealous of emotions—sceptical as to anecdotes and sayings—intolerant of points, sentiments, tags, and theatrical morals—he seeks to win the reader's confidence, never to surprise his judgment: consequently, he does *not* interest his heart; and, consequently, all his skill, subtlety, and learning will be lost upon that general reader who may be seduced by a glowing mind and brilliant style into a perusal of serious books—fancying himself amused when, in truth, he is being very sagely instructed.

Mr. Froude probably knows this better than ourselves. As an artist and as a reformer, he has chosen his plan. We feel that he never strains his powers. We believe he could chain us like a novelist if he cared—or if it were consistent with his aim to grasp at literary fame. But we cannot take him merely as a writer of books—hoping chiefly that they may sell. He has hopes far loftier—aspirations after a form of life which seems to him happier than our own, a desire to see heroic men and heroic times better comprehended in days which pride themselves on express trains and laugh at feudal heroes. To clear his ground, he asks that a great popular verdict shall be set aside and a new trial granted to the lay patron of the English Reformation. He insists that Henry has been misunderstood, Cromwell vilified. He declares Henry innocent—a great man, and, according to his lights, a good man. He demands a verdict on evidence to be produced and argument to be stated. To gain this, he sees that he must address his peers. The points again raised must be settled—or unsettled—by the select jury inside the court, not by the crowd outside. Therefore, he addresses the thoughtful, the learned, and the influential—careless whether his volumes are run after like the novel of the season. If he can impress the few, Mr. Froude will have gained his cause.

For our own part, we are disposed to give Mr. Froude our most patient care. His book is a new book, not only in its purpose but in its materials. It is built chiefly on manuscripts,—on the magnificent, even when incomplete, collections at the Rolls, the British Museum, and the State Paper Office. It has modified in some slight degree our views of Henry in his domestic relations, and has strengthened by further facts and a clearer exposition an idea of his genius for conducting public affairs which we have never ceased to entertain. That it has proved him, in any sense, a good man, we deny. Like all his race—male and female—Henry was coarse, cruel, even brutal, where the passions were concerned. He was not much worse than his father, Henry Bolingbroke. He was scarcely so bad as his sister, Margaret Queen of Scots. He was only worse in degree than his sister, Mary Queen of France. Fickleness, impatience, atrocity—as regarded all those whom men or women love and hate—distinguished them from first to last. They were for ever marrying and unmarrying. A vice lay in the blood. Henry's children were like him,—and the children of his sisters, by their various husbands and lovers, were like them. Margaret's divorces were more scan-

dalous than Henry's divorces,—and Henry never took to his bed a known profligate. The divorces caused by Mary's children, the Bradshaws, were no less singular and foul. Most of their offspring, like his, were pronounced by their own blood illegitimate. Nearly all the men who married into the family died dishonoured,—just as Henry's wives died discredited or dishonoured.

This being the normal state of a whole family—men and women alike eager, passionate and vindictive—swift in love and hate—prodigal of life and blood—we see no necessity, on the ground of an abstract philosophical theory, for the assumption that Henry's merciless cruelty as regards his wives proceeded wholly from desire to serve and love his people. Mr. Froude's long insistence on this point weakens the force of his general explanation. Henry's matrimonial crimes are not isolated facts,—and the attempt to exhibit them as virtues—as concessions to nature and the cries of his countrymen, not the instigation of lust, caprice, and power—fails, in our opinion, without loss of moral credit to the Reformation. Margaret, his sister, lived and died a devout Romanist. Yet no reasonable man will lay her crimes at the steps of St. Peter's.

Mr. Froude argues that the virtue of personal chastity must be assumed as a cardinal point in Henry's character. Of course, could this absence of a licentious spirit be assumed, the march of argument in his favour would be made straight. But what is the ground for this assumption? Hear Mr. Froude:—

"Those who insist that Henry was a licentious person, must explain how it was that, neither in the three years which had elapsed since the death of Jane Seymour, nor during the more trying period which followed, do we hear word of mistresses, intrigues, or questionable or criminal connexions of any kind. The mistresses of princes are usually visible when they exist; the mistresses, for instance, of Francis I., of Charles V., of James of Scotland. There is a difficulty in this which should be admitted, if it cannot be explained."

—Such an argument is curious, and betrays more knowledge of the cloister than of the world. Does Mr. Froude really imagine that the absence of any conspicuous Diane de Poictiers from the King's court is proof of the King's chastity? If so, let him ask the opinions of less spiritual-minded men. We fancy it implies no such thing. To become conspicuous, like Diane, a mistress must be a power as well as a fancy. Something of poetry, of preference, of fidelity goes to the creation of an influence strong enough to become historic. But neither poetry, nor preference, nor fidelity marks in any very special manner the conduct of licentious men. There are forms of vice which lean towards virtue. Gross licentiousness knows none of them. We do not say that Henry was licentious; we only say that the absence of a public mistress, at the period of his third widowhood, is no proof to the contrary. Henry had sported with ladies' love—other than his wife's—even in his early wedded time, when his Queen loved him and he professed to love the Queen. The truth is, Henry had hot blood and a hard heart. He sought his pleasures where he could find them, and in his mature age liked to find them without much trouble, either of body or of conscience. Hence he preferred wives to mistresses. Hence he changed them at will. Francis had fewer female favourites than Henry queens.

His conduct to Anne of Cleves was perhaps the most abominable of his domestic misdeeds. Nobody cares for Anne. She was a Protestant, and therefore lacks apologists—she was plain, and therefore found no champion. Yet we would be content to rest the case against Henry

as a man on his cold reception and heartless cruelty to this poor lady.—

"The graces of Anne of Cleves were moral only, not intellectual, and not personal. She was simple, quiet, modest, sensible, and conscientious; but her beauty existed only in the imagination of the painter. Her presence was ladylike; but her complexion was thick and dark: her features were coarse; her figure large, loose, and corpulent. The required permission was given. The king entered. His heart sank; his presence of mind forsook him; he was 'suddenly quite discouraged and amazed' at the prospect which was opened before him. He forgot his present; he almost forgot his courtesy. He did not stay in the room 'to speak twenty words.' He would not even stay in Rochester."

Henry married her because he dared not offend her brother. But he did no more. He treated her as a queen, not as a wife. After a few weeks, disliking her, and angry with those who had made her his wife, he sent Cromwell to the Tower and Anne to Richmond,—one to be condemned and beheaded, the other to be divorced and pensioned.—

"Six years were spent over the affair with Queen Catherine: almost as many days sufficed to dispose of Anne of Cleves. On the Wednesday morning the clergy assembled, and Gardiner, in a 'luminous oration,' invited them to the task which they were to undertake. Evidence was sent in by different members of the Privy Council whom the King had admitted to his confidence; by the ladies of the court who could speak for the condition of the queen; and, finally, by Henry himself, in a paper which he wrote with his own hand, accompanying it with a request that, after reviewing all the circumstances under which the marriage had been contracted, they would inform him if it was still binding; and adding, at the same time, an earnest adjuration, which it is not easy to believe to have been wholly a form, that, having God only before their eyes, they would point out to him the course which justly, honourably, and religiously he was at liberty to pursue."

Henry himself deposed—

"I depose and declare that this hereafter written is merely the verity, intended upon no sinister affection, nor yet upon none hatred or displeasure, and herein I take God to witness. To the matter I say and affirm that, when the first communication was had with me for the marriage of the Lady Anne of Cleves, I was glad to hearken to it, trusting to have some assured friend by it; I much doubted at that time both the Emperor, and France, and the Bishop of Rome, and also because I heard so much both of her excellent beauty and virtuous behaviour. But when I saw her at Rochester, which was the first time that ever I saw her, it rejoiced my heart that I kept me free from making any part or bond before her till I saw her myself; for I assure you that I liked her so ill and [found her to be] so far contrary to that she was praised, that I was woe that ever she came into England, and deliberated with myself that if it were possible to find means to break off, I would never enter yoke with her; of which misliking both the Great Master (Lord Russell), the Admiral that now is, and the Master of the Horse (Sir Anthony Brown) can and will bear record. Then after my repair to Greenwich, the next day after, I think, I doubt not but the Lord of Essex will and can declare what I then said to him in that case, not doubting but, since he is a person which knoweth himself condemned to die by act of parliament, he will not damn his soul, but truly declare the truth not only at that time spoken by me, but also continually until the day of the marriage, and also many times after; wherein my lack of consent I doubt not doth or shall well appear, and also lack enough of the will and power to consummate the same, wherein both he and my physicians can testify according to the truth."

—This was the evidence. Queen Anne had not pleased the King's eye. This was the head and front of her offending. Henry expected the delights of beauty. Anne was plain—and he found in Katherine Howard the beauty for

which he pined. Poor Anne was not examined, and she made no vain resistance. She had the examples of Katherine and Anne Boleyn before her eyes. Cromwell, her only friend, was in the Tower condemned to death. The Howards were powerful, eager, and vindictive. What could she oppose to them save her youth, her innocence, and her wrongs? To save her fame—perhaps her head—she consented to anything the King and Council laid on her.

The clergy took the question up.—

"Nearly two hundred clergy were assembled, and the ecclesiastical lawyers were called in to their assistance. The deliberation lasted Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. On Saturday they had agreed upon their judgment, which was produced and read in the House of Lords. The contract between the Lady Anne of Cleves and the Marquis of Lorraine was sufficient, they would not say to invalidate, but to perplex and complicate any second marriage into which she might have entered. Before the ceremony the king had required the production of the papers relating to that engagement with so much earnestness, that the demand might be taken as a condition on which the marriage was completed. But the papers had not been produced, the uncertainties had not been cleared . . . and thus there had not only been a breach of condition, but, if no condition had been made, the previous objection was further increased. Consent had been wanting on the part of the king. False representations had been held out to bring the lady into the realm and force her upon his Majesty's acceptance. The solemnization of the marriage was extorted from his Majesty against his will under urgent pressure and compulsion by external causes. Consummation had not followed, nor ought to follow, and the Convocation had been informed—as indeed it was matter of common notoriety—that, if his Majesty could, without the breach of any divine law, be married to another person, great benefits might thereby accrue to the realm, the present welfare and safety whereof depended on the preservation of his royal person, to the honour of God, the accomplishment of His will, and the avoiding of sinister opinions and scandals. Considering all these circumstances, therefore, and weighing what the Church might and could lawfully do in such cases, and had often before done, the Convocation, by the tenor of those their present letters, declared his Majesty not to be any longer bound by the matrimony in question, which matrimony was null and invalid; and both his Majesty and the Lady Anne were free to contract and consummate other marriages without objection or delay. To this judgment two archbishops, seventeen bishops, and a hundred and thirty-nine clergy set their hands."

—So much for Henry, whose course is intelligible enough on the score of passion, but utterly indefensible in reason. But there is a word to add on Mr. Froude's very singular reading of the morals of this transaction.—

"No could the most scrupulous person, looking at the marriage between Henry and Anne of Cleves on its own merits, pretend that any law, human or divine, would have been better fulfilled, or that any feeling entitled to respect would have been less outraged, by the longer maintenance of so unhappy a connexion."

What law? Every law. So unhappy a connexion! Is marriage only a connexion? Is unhappiness, real or sentimental, a ground for divorce? Is every man to be free to dissolve the most sacred of social contracts, if he happen not to like his wife or to prefer some other woman? Surely Mr. Froude does not preach any doctrine so monstrous. Anne consented, it is true, and Henry took to his bed another and a far worse woman. She probably consented through fear. Certain it is that in a few months the new Queen was under the block on Tower Green. In this further case Mr. Froude thinks the King behaved admirably. He is very generous. Let us hear the tale.—

"During the king's absence a gentleman named Lascelles came to the Archbishop and told him

that his sister had been in the household of the Duchess of Norfolk where the queen had been brought up, that a short time previously he had advised her, on the plea of early acquaintance, to seek for a situation as maid of honour at the palace, and that she had replied that she would not take service under a mistress who, before her marriage, had disgraced herself. She was sorry to speak in such terms of the king's wife, but she mentioned the names of two gentlemen, one of them her cousin, Francis Derham, the other a person called Mannock, on the establishment of the duchess, with whom her intimacy had been of the most unambiguous description. The Archbishop, perplexed and frightened, consulted the Chancellor and Lord Hertford, the only members of the Council remaining in London. They agreed that Lascelles's story must be communicated to the King before any other step should be taken; and Cranmer, unable to summon nerve to speak on so frightful a subject, waited till the close of the progress, and wrote to Henry at Hampton Court. The letter was received at first with utter incredulity. The King had seen nothing in his wife's character to lend credibility to so odious a charge. He laid the account which the Archbishop had sent before such of his ministers as were in attendance; but he declared emphatically his conviction that the Queen was the object of a calumny. The story must be investigated, but with scrupulous secrecy, to protect her character from scandal. Lord Southampton was sent to London to see and examine the Archbishop's informant. Finding Lascelles adhere to his story, the Earl cautioned him to be silent; and went down into Sussex, under pretence of joining a hunting party, in order to question the sister; while Mannock and Derham were in the mean time arrested, under pretence of having been concerned in an act of piracy in the Irish seas, and privately examined by Sir Thomas Wriothesley. Wriothesley, of all the ministers next to Gardiner and the Duke of Norfolk, was most interested in finding the Queen to be innocent. He had attached himself decidedly to the Anglican interest, and had taken a prominent part in promoting the divorce of Anne of Cleves. Unhappily, the inquiry resulted on both sides in the confirmation of the worst which Lascelles had stated. The two gentlemen confessed; and Southampton returned with the miserable burden of his discoveries to the Court. The King was overwhelmed; some dreadful spirit pursued his married life, tainting it with infamy. The Council were assembled, and he attempted to address them. But it was long before he could speak; and his words, when they came at last, were choked with tears. After a brief and miserable consultation, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Sussex, the Lord Chancellor, and Cranmer, were deputed to wait upon the Queen, and hear what she could say in her defence. The wretched lady at first attempted a denial; but from the questions which were put to her she discovered rapidly that too much was known; and after a fit of hysterics, and encouraged by promises of forgiveness, which Cranmer brought to her from the King on condition of a full confession, she acknowledged as much of her guilt as she saw that it was useless to disclaim. Foul as her behaviour had been before her marriage, Henry had as yet no reason to suppose that she had repeated her offences since she had been his Queen. Though she had disgraced herself as a woman, and had cruelly injured him as her husband, she had, as far as he knew, committed no crime against the State, and he allowed the Archbishop to quiet her alarms by a hope that her worst punishment would be the exposure of her shame. But it usually happens in such cases that the first discovery is but the end of a clue which ravelles out to unexpected issues. Seven or eight of the Queen's ladies were examined, and it was found that Francis Derham had been lately taken back into her service, and had been employed in a confidential office about her person, while a third Court gallant, Thomas Culpeper, who had accompanied the progress, had been admitted to interviews at midnight in the Queen's private apartments. Her establishment had been separate from the King's; at each house at which they had

stayed, either she herself, or her chosen friend, Lady Rochford, examined the positions of the staircases and postern doors; and the quarters assigned to her at Lincoln and Pomfret having offered especial conveniences, Culpeper had been introduced to the Queen's room, Lady Rochford keeping guard to prevent a surprise, and had remained with her in more than dubious privacy from eleven o'clock at night till three in the morning. No reasonable doubt could be entertained that the King had a second time suffered the worst injury which a wife could inflict upon him, that a second adultery, a second act of high treason, must be exposed and punished."

And now for Mr. Froude's moral exposition and apology:—

"In nine years two queens of England had been divorced: two had been unfaithful. A single misadventure of such a kind might have been explained by accident or by moral infirmity. For such a combination of disasters some common cause must have existed, which may be or ought to be discoverable. The coarse hypothesis which has been generally offered of brutality and profligacy on the part of the King, if it could be maintained, would be an imperfect interpretation; but, in fact, when we examine such details as remain to us of Henry's relations with women, we discover but few traces of the second of the supposed causes, and none whatever of the first. A single intrigue in his early years, with unsubstantiated rumours of another, only heard of when there was an interest in spreading them, forms the whole case against him in the way of moral irregularity. For the three years that he was unmarried after the death of his third wife, we hear of no mistresses and no intrigues. For six months he shared the bed of Anne of Cleves, and she remained a maiden; nor had he transferred his affections to any rival lady. The anxiety of his subjects, so far from being excited by his disposition to licentiousness, was rather lest his marriages should be uniformly unfruitful. The vigour of his youth was gone. His system was infirm and languid; and whenever his wedded condition was alluded to by himself, by the Privy Council, or by Parliament, it was spoken of rather than of interest individually to the King.¹ Again, his manner to his wives seems to have been no less kind than that of ordinary men. A few stern words to Anne Boleyn form the only approach to personal harshness recorded against him; and his behaviour, when he first heard of the misconduct of Catherine Howard, was manly, honourable, and generous. ** The indolence and gaiety of early years gave way, when the complications of his life commenced, to the sternness of a statesman engaged in incessant and arduous labours. He had no leisure, perhaps he had little inclination, to attend to the trifles out of which the cords of happy marriages are woven. A queen was a part of the state furniture, existing to be the mother of his children; and children he rather desired officially, than from any wish for them in themselves. Except in the single instance of Anne Boleyn, whom he evidently loved, he entered marriage as a duty, and a duty it soon became, even towards her. While, again, he combined with much refinement and cultivation an absence of reserve on certain subjects, which is startling even in the midst of the plain speech of the sixteenth century. It was not that he was loose or careless in act or word; but there was a businesslike habit of proceeding about him which penetrated through all his words and actions, and may have made him as a husband one of the most intolerable that ever vexed and fretted the soul of woman."

Katherine Howard followed Anne Boleyn to the Tower and the block. Her reign had been short and her death shocking, and within a few days, as it were, the King married again. Most excellent King!

The pleading for this strange husband and lover seems to sicken even Mr. Froude at last, and he closes very briefly and vaguely this vexed story of a sixth wedding, at the fag end of a long life marked by great employments and many murders.

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We close it too. Henry was assuredly most unfortunate in his wives.

Mr. Froude's fourth volume brings down the history to Henry's death; ending with an elaborate recapitulation of his public acts and a picture of him as a statesman.—

"Henry had many faults. They have been exhibited in the progress of the narrative: I need not return to them. But his position was one of unexampled difficulty; and by the work which he accomplished, and the conditions, internal and external, under which his task was allotted to him, he, like every other man, ought to be judged. He was inconsistent; he can bear the reproach of it. He ended by accepting and approving what he had commenced with persecuting; yet it was with the honest inconsistency which distinguishes the conduct of most men of practical ability in times of change, and even by virtue of which they obtain their success. If at the commencement of the movement he had regarded the eucharist as a 'remembrance,' he must either have concealed his convictions or he would have forfeited his throne; if he had been a stationary bigot, the Reformation might have waited for a century, and would have been conquered only by an internecine war. But as the nation moved the king moved, leading it, but not outrunning it; checking those who went too fast, dragging forward those who lagged behind. The conservatives, all that was sound and good among them, trusted him because he so long continued to share their conservatism; and when he threw it aside he was not reproached with breach of confidence, because his own advance had accompanied theirs. * * Beyond and besides the Reformation, the constitution of these islands now rests in large measure on foundations laid in this reign. Henry brought Ireland within the reach of English civilization. He absorbed Wales and the Palatinate into the general English system. He it was who raised the House of Commons from the narrow duty of voting supplies, and of passing without discussion the measures of the Privy Council, and converted them into the first power in the State under the crown. When he ascended the throne so little did the Commons care for their privileges, that their attendance at the sessions of parliament was enforced by a law. They woke into life in 1529, and they became the right hand of the King to subdue the resistance of the House of Lords, and to force upon them a course of legislation which from their hearts they detested. Other kings in times of difficulty summoned their 'great councils,' composed of peers, or prelates, or municipal officials, or any persons whom they pleased to nominate. Henry VIII. broke through the ancient practice, and ever threw himself on the representatives of the people. By the Reformation, and by the power which he forced upon them, he had so interwoven the House of Commons with the highest business of the State, that the Peers thenceforward sunk to be their shadow. * * His personal faults were great, and he shared, besides them, in the errors of his age; but far deeper blemishes would be but as scars upon the features of a sovereign who in trying times sustained nobly the honour of the English name, and carried the commonwealth securely through the hardest crisis in its history."

To this summary we need make no exception. Mr. Froude's minute diligence has cleared Henry's memory of some foul scandals—which have been passed from Catholic historian to Catholic historian, and are preserved in Lingard—particularly the report first published by Cardinal Pole, that Henry had a guilty intimacy with Mary Boleyn, the Queen's sister. He has shown with new emphasis the better and more brilliant side of the King's genius. But he has not, in our opinion, changed the general estimate of his character.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Historical Connection of the Old and New Testaments: Comprising the History of the Jews and the Neighbouring Nations from the Decline of the Kingdoms of Judah and Israel to the time of Christ. By Humphrey Prideaux, D.D. To which is added,

an Account of the Rabbinic Authorities, by the Rev. A. McCaul, D.D. New Edition, revised, with Notes, Analyses, and Introductory Review, by S. Talboys Wheeler. 2 vols. (Tegg & Co.)—Late experiences have made us somewhat distrustful of revised editions. A good book may be spoiled by subjecting it to a process of "doctoring": very rarely an editor possesses sufficient knowledge or bestows sufficient labour to render a work which has appeared about 150 years ago, such as to meet the demands of modern scholars.—If we were to judge of the present edition of Prideaux's 'Connection' merely by the increased facility which it offers to the reader, our verdict would be highly favourable. The re-arrangement of paragraphs, and the addition of appropriate headings, &c., make it now comparatively easy to consult the pages of the learned Dean of Norwich. But however advantageous the improvement, neither this nor the useful geographical notes which Mr. Wheeler has furnished, meet the requirements of the case. Of late years, considerable progress has been made in the study of Jewish antiquities and history. Accordingly, certain corrections may be expected in some statements of Prideaux's, while in others additional information should have been communicated. As instances of the latter kind, we may mention such subjects as the Septuagint, the Samaritan Pentateuch, Jewish Sects and Schools, &c. But on all these points Mr. Wheeler has nothing to say. We could have well dispensed with the historical review by which the work is prefaced, and even with the meagre "account of Rabbinical Authorities" furnished by Dr. M'Caul, for substantial additions such as those to which we have adverted. We are not sure but that some passages, such as controversial references to Dis-senters, or needlessly long discussions on Hebrew vowel-points, might have been safely omitted. But why repeat the manifestly erroneous statement of Prideaux, that the Jewish shekels still preserved date from a period *previous* to the Babylonian captivity? or, why reproduce, without note or comment, the story of the burning of the Alexandrian Library by Amrus? On other points also, such as the identity of Xerxes and Ahasuerus, the origin of the name Maccabee, and the Pollio and Sameas of Josephus, the results of modern investigation are different from those of Prideaux. While, therefore, fully admitting the value of Mr. Wheeler's notes (which, with the exception of a discussion on the character of the Zendavesta, are chiefly geographical), we regret that the absence of additional information on Jewish subjects leaves this edition still incomplete. Not to speak of minor blemishes, we would require some proof before receiving Mr. Wheeler's statement, that "the Emperor Hadrian had restored the Temple"—an assertion which we believe to be quite unfounded in history. Mr. Wheeler has given evidence that he is capable of labour and research; and in the present instance, we can only wish that the duties of the editor had been as accurately performed as the work of the author was complete and exhaustive when it first appeared.

Curiosities of Natural History. By Francis T. Buckland, M.A. (Bentley).—It will be gratifying to those who knew the late Dr. Buckland, to find his son walking in the steps of his father. Mr. Buckland tells us in the preface to his volume that he has been in the habit of contributing papers on natural history subjects to our periodical literature, and the materials scattered about in various volumes he has now brought together in this. The book is not, however, technical natural history, but essentially popular, Mr. Buckland combining the happy qualities of being funny and wise. The titles of the papers will explain their contents. The first is entitled 'A Hunt in a Horse-pond,' and very good game is to be discovered there too. The second is 'On Rats.' These vermin have become quite popular lately, and Mr. Buckland has greatly contributed to their interest. People are more interested in rats than they generally suspect. The next paper is 'On the Cobra di Capello,' a paper to be avoided by those who have any weakness in regard to snakes. 'Fish and Fishing' and 'My Monkey Jacko' finish this amusing and instructive volume. The strictly new matter are the illus-

trations: for the mass of them we cannot say much. They are a little too shaggy for our taste; but the frontispiece is a gem in its way. It is from the pencil of the late Sir Henry De la Beche, and is prophetic of those awful times when man shall only be found in the earth in a fossil condition, and Ichthyosaurus appearing on the earth again, having found the extinct human bones, discourse learnedly on the low organization, the defenceless structure, and helpless condition of the no longer existing creature, man. Mr. Buckland's book will certainly amuse the curious in natural history.

Three Days in Memphis; or, Sketches of the Public and Private Life of the Old Egyptians. By Dr. Max Uhlemann. (Trübner & Co.)—Dr. Uhlemann is not unknown in this country as the author of various essays on ancient Egypt: that in most repute in Germany being 'Thoth,' which he calls "a small treatise on the Egyptian Sciences." He has now painted a picture of the life and manners in the Memphis of the Pharaohs. A somewhat eccentric plan is adopted in order to introduce the succession of dioramic changes. Dr. Uhlemann being a Professor at an university city describes himself walking out at sunset and encountering Horus, the lovely, laughing and divine boy who, as we afterwards learn, "talked like a German philosopher." This illustrious young stranger offers to introduce his new acquaintance to the wonders of Memphis, and forthwith the red light of the morning burns upon pyramid peaks, temples, roofs and the plains of populous Egypt. The old machinery being now worked at high pressure, Dr. Uhlemann, attired in a white tunic and carrying a two-edged sword, mixes with the people, feasts his eyes upon royal magnificence, and enters the Pharaonic palace. Here at the door of the harem chamber, floored with alabaster and decorated with golden stars, he sees the Queen attended by her graces, while a young half-naked damsel from Asia dances to delight the imperious lady. "Her long black hair hung free and unbound down over her shoulders; she wore only a fine short little frock, which was confined above her hips by a short little girdle, and adorned at the lower border by a pointed edge. Her arms and feet were bare; around her neck she wore an elegant broad kerchief fastened together with blue and white pearls. In her hand she held a small musical instrument like a guitar." Sketches of this quality occupy the principal part of the volume, illustrating the various phases of society as it is recorded to have existed in Memphis at the period, not very precisely fixed, when Dr. Uhlemann went thither on the wings of the morning with Horus. At times, however, the parody becomes grotesque, as when the stranger, being introduced to Apis, remarks to the sacred brute, "You lie. Think of Champollion." As a climax we have relation of the sad and true story of that beauty, the daughter of a king of Egypt, who was lured into the dim depths of a temple by a designing priest, thrown into a trance, buried, proclaimed dead, and ever afterwards employed, under the influence of a terrible oath, to work the ruin of her father. With such materials, an amusing if not very artistic, book has been constructed.

A Manual of Greek Prose Composition. By the Rev. H. M. Wilkins, M.A. (Parker & Son).—We are happy to find the success of Mr. Wilkins's 'Manual of Latin Prose'—which met with our cordial approval—has been such as to induce him to prepare a similar work on Greek Prose. The first part consists of close translations from the best Greek authors to be retranslated into Greek; the second, of passages from English writers, each accompanied by an altered version suitable for literal translation into Greek; and the third, of idiomatic translations of classical Greek. Thus, it will be seen, there is a careful graduation of difficulty in the work to be done, according to the progressive ability of the student. There is a corresponding graduation in the amount of assistance afforded. The second part, which is perhaps the most valuable, is made up of the contributions of distinguished classical scholars, whose names are a sufficient warrant for the excellence of their versions. Many useful general observations on the peculiarities of Greek prose composition—idi-

matic usages, proverbs, &c.—occur in the introductory section. The author contemplates the preparation of an elementary manual to take the place of such works as those of Arnold and Kenrick.

History of the Principal French Writers from the Origin of French Literature to the Present Time—[*Histoire des Principaux Ecrivains Francais, &c.*]. By Antonin Roche. Vol. I. (Williams & Norgate.)—M. Roche's work is modestly put forth as designed for the use of young ladies. Its plan is a good one. By dividing the literary history of France into epochs, and taking, as representatives of each of these epochs, the principal writers only, he has been enabled to avoid the dry generalities of an abridgment, and has furnished the student with a sketch, which, compared with ordinary school-books, is as a lively panorama to a skeleton map. The romantic points in the story of each writer's life are narrated in sufficient detail to interest the learner in the man; and M. Roche's critical analysis will perhaps give his young-lady readers as good an idea of the merits of Rabelais, Voltaire, and Montaigne, as a young lady could be expected to have. It would not be fair, however, to regard M. Roche's work as a mere school-book. His critical estimates are full, and frequently elaborate. His chapter on Pascal, and the *pensee colonie* of Port-Royal, and of the singular movement of its austere and earnest members, the authors of that long series of works, many of which have never yet been superseded, is full of interest. M. Roche's first volume ends with Boileau, that touchstone of literary schools. French literature has added to its roll some great names since Delille was considered as a poet, and M. Boileau still held a posthumous but undisputed sway. Even the sacred romantic writers have been cast to the winds,—although some writers, like M. Augier, still pay them outward respect, and conciliate the Academy by bringing within their severe limits the new spirit and vigour of Romanticism. M. Roche's estimate of Boileau and his school is well measured and just, with neither the exaggeration of an academic oration, nor the sweeping contempt of the modern young poet, who sighs for complete poetic liberty.

A pair of dramas, *Love and Hate; or, the Court of Charles I.*, in Four Acts, by C. C. (Printed for the Author);—and *Xerxes: a Historical Tragedy*, in Five Acts, by L. M. S. (Diprose),—are so many pages of paper and print belonging to the library of 'Curiosities of Literature,' not however, precisely that which a D'Israeli delights to pry into.

Indian pamphlets multiply without cessation.—The most important now before us is the *Memorandum of the Improvements in the Administration of India during the Last Thirty Years*, an official publication, we believe.—Following *The Red Pamphlet*, we have, in a yellow cover, *A Few Words anent the Red Pamphlet*, by "One who has Served under the Marquis of Dalhousie,"—and *The Blue Pamphlet*, by an Officer in the Bengal Artillery.—Mr. T. C. Robertson, a late Member of the Supreme Council of India, has issued *The Political Prospects of British India*, in which much solid matter is compressed within a small compass.—From Mr. George Crawshay we have *The Immediate Cause of the Indian Mutiny, as Set Forth in the Official Correspondence*, a lecture delivered at Gateshead,—*A Few Words on the Indian Question*, by William Richard Young.—*The Military Mutiny in India: Its Origin and Its Results*, by Leopold Von Orlich, translated from the German, with Observations, by Major-Gen. Sir W. M. G. Colebrooke,—and, *Who is to Blame for the Indian Mutinies?* are contributions of some interest to the general discussion.—Mr. Henry Meredith Parker in *The Empire of the Middle Classes*, glows with the praise of the East India Company.—In *Lay Thoughts on the Indian Mutiny* a number of salient points are debated,—and in *Extracts from Three Speeches delivered by the late John Poynder, at the East India House*, in 1830, 1836, and 1839, there are some passages bearing curiously on the questions raised by the recent crisis.—As a companion to these Indian Miscellanies, we have Mr. Stanford's excellent *Plan of the City of Lucknow and its Environs*, with tracings of the lines of operations selected by Sir Colin Campbell and Sir Henry Havelock.

MEDICAL BOOKS.

Handbook of the Science and Practice of Medicine. By William Aitken, M.D. (Griffin.) To have failed in producing a satisfactory handbook of the practice of medicine would have been no disgrace to an older man than Dr. Aitken. The practice of medicine is at the present time in a transitional condition: whilst some of the younger practitioners are laughing at old practices, and the old men are shaking their heads at what the young men are doing, it is difficult to discover where the truth really lies, and the production of a Handbook on Medicine just at this time was a task of no ordinary difficulty. We are glad to be able to say that we think Dr. Aitken has succeeded in a remarkable manner. Whilst alive to the science that dictates the conduct of the younger practitioners, he carefully chronicles the experience of the men of the past, and thus gives a candid view of the characters and treatment of each particular form of disease. In a book intended as a manual for students and general practitioners, new views or new facts could not be anticipated, but some of the departments of pathology introduced by Dr. Aitken will appear new to the class for which they are intended, on account of their being so seldom introduced into medical text-books. We allude especially to that part of Dr. Aitken's work which is devoted to medical geography, or the geographical distribution of health and disease. The volume is accompanied by a reduced copy of Mr. Keith Johnston's map, exhibiting the occurrence and distribution of disease over the surface of the earth. Dr. Aitken has done very judiciously in his nosology in following the arrangement of the Registrar-General. It gives a system and completeness to his work which we miss in other books. We have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Aitken's book.

The Enlarged Prostate, its Pathology and Treatment. By Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S. (Churchill.)—This is a practical and valuable treatise on the diseases of the organ to which it is devoted. Mr. Thompson has evidently laboured both in the dissecting-room and the hospital, and his views and opinions must command the attention of his professional brethren. The work is illustrated with several plates.

A Sketch of the Principles and Practice of Sub-cutaneous Surgery. By William Adams, F.R.C.S. (Churchill).—This essay was read as the Oration of the London Medical Society for 1857. Few men are more competent to deal with this subject than Mr. Adams, and his medical brethren will be glad to have his views on a department of surgery which he has practised with so much success. The cases which he has related and the facts he has pointed out will undoubtedly lead to a much more extended employment of sub-cutaneous surgery.

Medical Examinations and Physicians' Requirements Considered. By Thomas Mayo, M.D. (Parker.)—The world is now to be examined. Our civil service appointments, our military, our Indian posts are only to be got by hard work and examination. It will be well, however, to inquire before the evil comes whether examinations may not be abused. Of no body of men can such a question be more pertinently asked than the medical profession. There all is done by examination: the medical pupil is examined; he then passes to the College of Surgeons, where he is examined for membership and fellowship; he is examined at Apothecaries' Hall; if he wishes to graduate, he is examined three or four times at a University; and last of all, if he wishes to practise as a physician, the College of Physicians insist on their right of examining him. If in any stage of his career he wishes to become a military, naval, or East Indian surgeon, he is examined for each by special medical boards. And what is the result? Why, that in nine cases out of ten the examinations are a farce, and the institutions exceptional where any inquiry is made into the real fitness of a man to practise the medical profession. Dr. Mayo's pamphlet is worth perusal, as, with all anxiety to protect from condemnation the present

system, he sees clearly its defects, arising out of the composition of examining boards on the one hand, and the erroneous views of what constitutes a medical education on the other.

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Abercrombie's Gardener's Pocket Journal, by Glenny, 25th ed. 2s. Adolphus's *Letters from Home*, 2nd edit. 18s. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. *Archbold's Law of Appeal*, 2nd edit. 18s. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. *Armstrong's (Ep.) Memoir*, by Carter, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. *Arnold's (T.) Life and Correspondence*, 5th ed. 2 v. 10s. 6d. *Bouvier's Force et Faiblesse*, No. 1, cr. 8vo. 6d. s. *Bouvier's Force et Faiblesse*, No. 2, cr. 8vo. 6d. cl. *College Atlas, for Schools*, 1857. 10s. 6d. cl. *Cumming's Ape-Sketches*, Vol. 2. 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Autobiography*, Chapman, 3s. cl. *Homer's Battalions*, *Homeric Chaps.*, 3s. cl. *Homer's Lever's Quarrel* (A), by Author of "Cousin Geoffrey," 3 vols. 31s. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 5, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Magee's Sermons at Bath*, 2nd edit. fc. 8vo. 6s. cl. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 6, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 7, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 8, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 9, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 10, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 11, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 12, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 13, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 14, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 15, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 16, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. 17, post 8vo. 9s. cl. *Macaulay's 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course, to the List of Subscribers published in 1802. This was probably a list of the subscribers of 1801; but as published in 1802, it is called the list for 1802. We have, indeed, no other list, and we doubt whether lists were, at that time, annually published.

It is now proposed to offer proofs of the accuracy of the statements made by the Reformers, from the Accounts published by the Committee in 1802—accounts of the receipts and expenditure of the past year. That the accounts, to which we shall refer, are for a year, and for a year only, is proved not only by the statement in the Account itself, but by the fact that at page 277 we have another account containing the "Total Amount of Contributions" received from the 1st of January, 1790, to the 15th of October, 1801. This is the account for the year.—

ABSTRACT OF THE CASH ACCOUNT OF THE FUND.

Balance in hand April 17, 1800	£31 0 4
Dividends received upon Stock	45 0 0
Subscriptions received from April 17, 1800, to April 16, 1801	847 3 6
	£923 3 10

Paid by Order of the Committee on Applications for Relief, including Expenses of Printing, Advertising, Collecting, and Purchase of Stock, during the above period

£897 8 11

By a Resolution of the Committee of the 15th of June, 1797, a permanent Fund had been established; and all future subscriptions for life (donations as they are now called), legacies, &c. were ordered to be invested in some of the National Funds, the interest only to be employed for the purposes of the Institution. The receipt of interest in the above accounts shows that money had been invested before the 17th of April, 1800; and under the account of the "Purchases of Stock" (p. 276), it is shown that there had been before the 17th of April, 1800, no less than eight different investments. The account, therefore, which we have above copied is strictly what it professes to be—An Account of Receipts and Expenditure between the 17th of April, 1800, and the 16th of April, 1801; and an analysis of this account will help us to determine, by the actual monies acknowledged to have been received, and there accounted for, the number of annual subscribers and the number of donors in that year.

We collect from the List (pp. 255 to 270) that there were at that time 394 annual subscribers, whose subscriptions amounted to £501 13 0 And (pp. 273 to 275) that there were 44 donors, whose donations amounted to .. 468 11 0

£970 4 0

As the Committee charge themselves with having received only 847 3 6 there is a deficiency unpaid either by annual subscribers or donors of .. £123 0 6

Differences between the amount subscribed and the amount received exist in all Societies,—a fact recognized and admitted by the Committee,—and probably would be found in every account published by every benevolent institution. They mean generally that persons who had announced their intention of becoming donors or annual subscribers had not paid their donation or subscription when the account for the year was necessarily closed.

Now, these accounts fortunately enable us to determine what was the amount of the deficiencies of the donors, and what of the annual subscribers, and will, therefore, enable us to say what was the amount of donations, and what of annual subscriptions; and, as the vast majority of the annual subscribers then, as now, paid one guinea, we shall thus determine, within very narrow limits, what was the actual number of annual subscribers.

The Committee, as appears by the Accounts (p. 276), bought Stock between April 17, 1800, and April 16, 1801, for which they paid £539 2 6 To enable them to do so, they acknowledge (p. 275) that they were obliged to borrow "from the annual subscriptions" £146 6 6

It follows, therefore, that the actual amount received from Donors was 302 16 0

539 2 6

As the sum due from Donors was £468 11 0 And the sum received from Donors was 302 16 0

The deficiency by Donors was 75 15 0 The deficiency by Annual Subscribers must therefore have been 47 5 6

Which, together, make up the total deficiency of £123 0 6

On this point there can be no mistake;—the following figures therefore express a series of absolute facts:—

Due by 44 Donors, 468l.	Received from Donors £392 16 0
Due by 394 Annual Subscribers, 501l.	Received from Annual Subscribers .. 454 7 6
Total received, and acknowledged to have been received	£847 3 0

Here, then, the general accuracy of the List of Subscribers, on which the Reformers relied, is proved by the Accounts—by the actual money acknowledged to have been received from Annual Subscribers. The list gives the names of 394 Annual Subscribers, whose subscription amounted to 501l., or, on an average, to 25s. each. Taking this average as our guide, the deficiency of 47. 5s. 6d., shows that 38 subscribers had not paid their subscriptions when the annual accounts were closed; and that THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX OF THESE ANNUAL SUBSCRIBERS had paid their subscriptions in that one year—which subscriptions were duly acknowledged and accounted for. The Committee cannot question this evidence, unless they declare that not only was the List published by the Committee false, but that the accounts of Receipts and Expenditure were also false. What then results? Proof of the strict accuracy of the Reformers—proof that in 1802 the Literary Fund "had three hundred and ninety-four Annual Subscribers, whereas, in 1857, it has little more than a hundred, notwithstanding the astonishing increase in the number of readers which that half century has seen."

The facts above considered are of too much importance to be mixed up with any other question, however interesting. As, however, we have been compelled, in vindication of the statements made by the Reformers, to examine the accounts of the Society, we may as well give the public such information as we have incidentally collected.

It was heretofore stated that, by the last account published by the Committee, it appeared that the cost of distributing 1,225l. was 507. 10s. 5d. Now, it will be admitted, we suppose, that more cost, more energy, zeal, and ability, were required to establish the new Institution than simply to carry it on with a capital of 30,000l., and an estate of more than 200l. a year;—indeed, the founder himself tells us, that the idea of a Literary Fund was thought to be so absurd, that even advertisements for a time had "no material effect."

However, the good work proceeded; the hopeful and benevolent man struggled on; and in 1790 he ventured to take the risk of an Anniversary Meeting, and it was successful. The Institution now began to assume a definite form,—to have clear and defined duties,—subscribers to whom the Committee were responsible; and in 1802 the Committee put forth the "Claims of Literature," in which it gave a full account of its stewardship; not only the exact amount of the receipts and expenditure before referred to for the year, but a general account from the 1st of January, 1790, to the 15th of October, 1801,—that is, for eleven years and ten months,—from which it appears (p. 277) that the Committee had—

Received ..	£23,898 14 6
That (p. 147) it had distributed in relief to 196 persons	£1,080 8 0
That (p. 271) it had paid for Stock ..	1,439 15 0
That the balance in hand was ..	218 14 6
	3,338 17 6

And, therefore, that the total expense for these 11 years and 10 months, for "printing, advertising, collecting, and purchase of Stock," must have been £2559 17 0—This, including all expenses of "printing, advertising, collecting" as well as relieving, is about 47l. 6s. a year.

RESULTS.

The expense for 11 years and 10 months, from the 1st of January, 1790, to the 15th of October, 1801, for "printing, advertising, collecting, and relieving 196 persons, was £2559 17 0 The expense for 1856—the last account published—only for one year, and only for relieving, 44 persons, was £507 10 5

We shall leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. It would be a mistake to assume

that the Reformers complain only of the expenses. Their complaint was, and is, that with this enormous expenditure nothing more is done for literary men than was done in 1802. What they desired to have done, was embodied in the unanimous Report of the Special Committee appointed in March, 1855. If what that Committee suggested be impracticable—if nothing can be done to enlarge the usefulness of the Society—then they say, and then only they say,—Reduce your expenses. Do more, or spend less.

STEREOSCOPES; OR, TRAVEL MADE EASY.

The spontaneous engraving of Photography has united Science and Art. It furnishes the artist with suggestions and with momentary truths that memory could not have retained, or, if retained, would have debased or perverted. It accustoms the English mind of all classes to greater truth of drawing, more perfect light and shade;—it sends hordes of travelling artists to seek for new beauties, and to attempt fresh conquests in regions hitherto unknown to Art;—it essays, searches, tries experiments, all of which processes are developments and expansions, and, therefore, useful, whatever they lead to. Even our inventors cannot have too large a capital of truth to start with.

But this vigorous young science, impatient of rest, has now turned traveller, and has gone abroad to verify or refute hasty, dull, or prejudiced writers—to enable us to talk with greater certainty of what we have hitherto not seen but only read of. The first-fruits of this praiseworthy energy and enterprise are 100 stereoscopic slides of Egypt and Nubia—cave and temple—bagged and brought home by Mr. F. Frith, an artist sent out by Messrs. Negretti & Zambra,—whose views of the Holy Land from Jerusalem to Mount Lebanon are also to be published as a Biblical comment which must interest the whole Christian world, who hitherto have had to depend on the pictorial statement of artists who too often, even if patient enough to report truly, or clear-eyed enough to see truly, would turn black into white, or round into square, for the sake of the pyramidal grouping and the central light, or such articles of the old creed. Mr. Frith, who makes light of everything, brings us the Sun's opinion of Egypt, which is better than Denon's, Champollion's, Wilkinson's, Etthen's, or Titmarsh's. What an educational revolution is here, my countrymen! Why, our Tommies and Harrys will know the world's surface as well as a circumnavigator before they are in "breekums," and will be as *blases* of the Andes by the time they take to jackets, as we are now of Primrose Hill. What a stock of knowledge our Tommies and Harrys will begin life with! Perhaps in ten years or so the question will seriously be discussed—except to Crusoes and Benbows—whether it will be any use to travel now that you can send out your artist to bring home Egypt in his carpet-bag to amuse the drawing-room with?

Mr. Frith takes us a wonderful stereoscopic tour; though we go over it so quickly and cheaply,—by quarry, rock and temple, obelisk, sphinx, pyramid, and cataract, Nile-boat and sand-bank,—we pass without firman and without trouble, reading, if we wish to do the complete Sybarite, our page of Anastasius or the Epicurean between each slide; or if we wish to be heavy and learned our Philo-Judeus, or the Koran's Egyptian chapters, thinking of Shishak over our muffins, of Sesostris as we pour out our tea, of Rameses as we fill our pipe,—and of the end of all when it breaks between our clumsy fingers.

There is not one of these views of Egypt but teaches us some new feature of Oriental life, or some fresh point of interest in the old marvels of the great brick-and-mortar-loving kings. The flat roofs, sharp minarets, and towers ringed with balconies for the invoker to prayer, give us, for instance, new feelings about Cairo and its Saracenic tombs, with the fluted dome of the Memlook kings; from the stone beehives, in one case, breached through and tumbled below the dark gap lies a *moraïne* of kingly ruin, to the great bowy, knotted crocodile, thirty feet long, with sleepy, ferocious eye, and a yard of jagged mouth; or the

zebra-striped sand-bank of the Blue River; or the tufted palms that wave anxiously and wonderingly round the grave of Osiris—it is as new to us as if we had never heard of Egypt since Jacob went off thither with the red and yellow-turbaned Ishmaelites, whose camels are borne down with bales of Indian spice and Arabian myrrh. This is not the Egypt of the old masters, but the Egypt of the lotus-bud pillar,—the Egypt of Cleopatra and the asp, of Berenice, and the Ptolemies, of Ptha, and the faded Athor.

If stone had a soul, what a grand 3,000 years of thinking those Alp pillars of Denderah must have had of it; what quiet, hundred-year-long laughs at the brags of Caesars and Pharaohs, all ground down now to the same yellow dust that blows in heavy drifts round the faded colours of the Karnac dumb-shows or the sluggish feet of that Memnon, who thinks music, but will not sing, though the Copt mock him with his dusky fingers! Mr. Frith has brought us home, in a fossil and imperishable state, those smooth, jelly-glass shaped granite rocks that fill the Nile's bed round Philae,—he gives us dim glimpses of Nubia and the Cataract between the slanting pylons of the temple-island,—examples of great unseated statues, prone and bedded in the soft, shaping dust that rises around them,—of the ribbed sand, speckled with pebbles, like the sea-beach,—of basket-shaped capitals,—of the colossal faces of Abou Simbel, with the divine death-smile of eternal persistency, faith, love, and repose upon their granite lips. This is not the Egypt of panoramas, but, in a word, the Egypt of Genesis, of Herodotus, and of Quintus Curtius. We hardly miss the blue and orange, which is the livery of Egyptian nature, in Mr. Frith's views, because his infallible art has caught the very burn of the Girgeh air and the cutting, transparent blackness of the Denderah shadows. It will hardly matter what great cleaner and re-framer sweeps up the rubbish of Egypt after half a century more of such observations as these. If Egypt ever sells off and begins again, its old tombstone-covered churchyard of nations will not be unrecorded or forgotten. Athor and Canopus live with us; as for Typhon, he is admitted to our firesides; Osiris is in our portfolios sewn together again; and Isis comes to us to spend the holidays.

As photographs these views of Mr. Frith are worthy of especial praise for their decision of touch, their sharp, clear brightness, and their delicious, sunny, silvery, or twilight tone. In some of the pillared halls of old temples, shaken by earthquake, the columns toppled and leaning against each other like so many disturbed nine-pins, the capricious effect of spots and patches of light is beyond all praise:—it is the perfect truth and vividness of strong sunshine in its daring moments, not in the mere breadth of Cuyp, or the glow of Claude, but in a far stranger, more fitful and momentary effect. We wish Messrs. Negretti & Zambra life to circumnavigate the world, and bring home fresh regions to our firesides for our luxurious profit and amusement.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Congress of the Archaeological Association for 1858 will be held at Salisbury, during the month of August, under the Presidency of the Marquis of Ailesbury.

Mr. Bancroft has a new volume in the press,—the first of a 'History of the American War of Independence.' It will, of course, fall into the series of his historical works, counting as the seventh volume of his labours on the 'History of America.'

Mr. Durham's model for a memorial of the Great Exhibition (No. 22) has been chosen by a majority of ten voices against two. The competitor, we believe, was Mr. Papworth,—who very worthily carried away one of the prizes for the Wellington Monument. Our readers will recollect that we signalized the model No. 22 as first in artistic merit. In this case (unlike that of the Wellington competition) the public will ratify the judgment of the Committee of selection.

Death has taken from among us a noble author in the person of Richard Neville, Lord Braybrooke,

known as ex-President of the Camden Society, and better known as editor of 'Pepys' Diary.' He also published the 'Private Correspondence of Jane, Lady Cornwallis.' He was a Doctor of Laws, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and Visitor of Magdalen College, Cambridge. All these literary distinctions are now gone, and will soon be forgotten of men. But the salt of Pepys will keep the name of Braybrooke fresh.

The subscription to Mr. Brock's 'Biographical Sketch of General Havelock' reached the very large number of 32,000,—a number not surprising if we consider the warmth of affection won by this brave and pious soldier from all classes of the English people in all parts of the world. A large part of this purchase has been made exclusively for the American market.

M. Niepce de St.-Victor, of whose remarkable experiments on Light we gave some notice a few weeks since, has been continuing his investigations with remarkable success,—all his results confirming his views that light was capable of being absorbed and retained, for a season, in the absorbent body; or, as he calls it, the "action d'emmagasinement." The following experiment is a remarkable one. M. Niepce takes a piece of plain paper which has been kept for some days in the dark; and, placing upon it a negative photograph upon either glass or paper, he exposes it to sunshine. After it has been exposed for a period, regulated by the intensity of the light, the paper is again removed into obscurity, and then washed over with a solution of the nitrate of silver. In a little time an image will develop itself upon the paper, which can be fixed by merely washing in water. Here we have the nitrate of silver undergoing decomposition by the light absorbed by the paper during its brief exposure to sunshine. The power of "emmagasinement" is possessed in different degrees by dissimilar bodies, one of the most remarkable being the nitrate of uranium. Indeed, the bodies distinguished by Prof. Stokes as fluorescent bodies appear to possess this power in an eminent degree.

On this subject we have received the following note from Capt. Ibbetson:—'Seeing in the Paris papers the notice of a "Curious Photographic Discovery," by M. Niepce de St.-Victor, viz., that light can be stored up, I beg to mention a circumstance, in corroboration of the fact, which happened to myself at the latter end of the year 1839, in which year I printed a book by the sun, containing botanical specimens, which book I entitled "Le Premier Livre imprimé par le Soleil" (the first book printed by the sun). The day on which I made the experiments was peculiarly favourable; and as I was experimenting on some fish for Prof. Agassiz, who was then engaged on his work on "Fishes," being anxious to get as many specimens as possible, I placed my photographic results in a large book and in a dark drawer, with the intention of washing them the next day: when I took the specimens out of the drawer the next morning very little of the impression of the fish remained, but the letter-press of the book was printed in place of the fish. I mentioned this circumstance to a great many scientific men, amongst others to Prof. Arago, but none believed in latent light, which I was certain must have been the case.'

On Saturday last the rooms of the Photographic Society, South Kensington, were opened to a brilliant throng, who seemed to pass a very pleasant evening in the midst of the thousand spells of the new museum—of which the photographic samples formed only a part.

The obituary of this week includes the name of Mrs. Owen, whose claim on a parting word here lies on her being the sister of Mrs. Hemans, the accomplished woman and amateur melodist, who set and published many of the lyrics by the poetess,—and who some twenty years ago compiled the life which prefaces the complete edition of the 'Poems of Mrs. Hemans' published after her decease.

A Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries writes, in answer to the remarks of our Oxford Correspondent on the state of the Rawlinson MSS.:—

"In attempting to reply to the complaint respecting the neglect of the Rawlinson MSS., if your Correspondent 'S. T. P.' has not made

matters worse, he has at least virtually admitted the justice of the observations submitted to your notice. The hand-lists of the Rawlinson collection are well known to me, and were in fact alluded to in my previous communication; but it is an exaggeration to dignify them by the name of catalogues, the MSS. being for the most part merely enumerated by leading titles. Again, 'S. T. P.' admitting the extraordinary extent of the fifth or miscellaneous class of the collection, does not, I imagine, imply that the whole of this division has even the advantage of a hand-list, it being asserted that large numbers of the Rawlinson MSS. are not in any hand-list or catalogue. Will 'S. T. P.' on authority, declare that all the MSS. in the Rawlinson collection are noticed in the hand-list to which he refers? If he will, one grievance will be dismissed; but it is surely no real answer as to the rest to say that, after the lapse of one hundred years, the printing of an efficient catalogue has commenced. If one MS. per week had been catalogued since the collection was bequeathed to the Bodleian, we should by this time have possessed a description of no fewer than 5,000 volumes, and, therefore, surely 'S. T. P.' is somewhat hasty in asserting that 'this very extensive collection has not been neglected.' So, also, with regard to the Tanner collection, which, I suppose, can scarcely have been in the library less than seventy or eighty years, the public will hardly share with 'S. T. P.' in the triumph of an announcement of the early appearance of an effective catalogue of only a few hundred MSS., to which, during that long period, the student has had access only through the medium of a single written list of an inferior description. I cannot help thinking literature has suffered greatly by the obscurity in which these collections have been so long enveloped. Students cannot, generally speaking, spare the time attendant on searching through MS. hand-lists, accessible only at Oxford, on the chance of discovering materials suited to their purpose; whereas, were printed catalogues available, they can at once ascertain whether such materials exist, and decide on the expediency of incurring the trouble of a personal examination, or of resorting to the aid of a transcriber. The loss incurred by literature may be estimated from what would have been excluded from hundreds of meritorious volumes, had the Harleian library, one of about equal extent, instead of being in the British Museum, been deposited in the Bodleian, with merely a MS. hand-list for a guidance to its treasures.

F.S.A.

Prof. Owen announces 'A Course of Lectures on Fossil Birds and Reptiles,' to be delivered in the Theatre of the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street, on Thursdays and Fridays, commencing on Thursday of the current week.—Lectures 1 and 2, treat the subject of 'Fossil Birds,'—Lectures 3 and 4, the subject of 'Palaeozoic and Triassic Reptiles,'—Lectures 5 and 6 will treat of the 'Oolitic Reptiles,'—Lectures 7 and 8 will describe with much particularity the 'Characters of the order Dinosauria,'—Lectures 11 and 12 will treat of 'Oolitic Chelonia and Tertiary Reptiles.'

We are glad to see that Messrs. Longman have issued the first of a series of cheap tracts upon the national promotion of Art and Science. The first is entitled 'The National Gallery Difficulties solved at a cost of 80,000, instead of a Million.' The plan is to retain the Old Masters at Trafalgar Square, to remove the Schools and Academy Exhibitions, to consolidate the Vernon and Turner pictures with the Sheepshanks, and to circulate the superfluities or duplicates in the Provinces.' The writer's points are closely put, and are these: That Marlborough House must soon be vacated for the Prince of Wales—that centralization is wearisome and injurious—that the six months' visitors at Kensington were 230,000 against the Trafalgar Square for the year, 208,270—that modern Art wants more room for development than ancient—that the pictures of the Sheepshanks Collection are forfeited to Cambridge if they are moved—that the metropolis requires galleries at either extremity—that the Kruger sale was a mistake.—The pamphlet will repay skimming over. Our own views have not changed, and they are known.

The local authorities at Milan have resolved to build, on one side of the new cemetery, a colossal

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colonnade, in which are to be deposited the earthly remains of such Milanese as have distinguished themselves in Art and Science.

At a recent sale of autographs at Paris, the following letter, addressed to Robespierre, excited no little interest:—"Since the beginning of the revolution I have been in love with you, Citizen! But I was married, and knew how to controul my passion. To-day I am free,—my husband has fallen in La Vendée: I'll give to you this declaration in the face of the Supreme Being. It is no easy task for a woman to make such a confession; but paper is patient; you are my supreme deity, and on earth I know none beside you. I look upon you as my guardian angel, and will only live under your laws. If you are free, I will be yours for life. I am twenty-two years old, and have a feeling soul: I offer to you as dowry the qualities of a true republican and 40,000 livres rente. I am waiting for your answer. Veuve Jacquin, at Nancy. *Poste restante.* I say *poste restante* from fear that my mother might scold me for my giddiness." The issue of this love affair is not known.

In the night of the 8th of March, Dr. Winnecke, of the Observatory at Bonn, discovered a new comet. It is rather pale, large, and of a watery appearance.

M. Quetelet, Jun., states that on the 17th of December last the magnetic needles in the Observatory at Brussels were violently agitated, and draws attention to the fact that it was on that day that the earthquakes at Naples were first felt.

M. Michaud père, father of the Academician, and author of the 'History of the Crusades,' has died in the village of Terres, near Paris, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. The deceased was editor of the 'Biographie Universelle,' in fifty-two volumes, and has written besides, the witty and much-read 'Memoirs from the Life of a Statesman.' It is asserted that he leaves six volumes of autobiographical memoirs. Michaud père had served under Dumouriez in the army of the Sambre and Meuse, assisting at the battles of Jemappes and Valmy, and was a decided opponent of Napoleon in 1814 and 1815. Nevertheless, he has died as a firm partisan of the present empire.

The German papers report the death of Meister Bergschmit at Nürnberg, the celebrated bronze founder, and friend of Rauch the sculptor. Bergschmit was born at Nürnberg, on the 11th of October, 1796. His father was a poor stone-mason, and left him soon an orphan. In 1807, he was apprenticed to a turner, when he soon manifested great technical skill and an eminent talent for mechanical work. In 1812 he established himself as a manufacturer of mechanical toys. From 1820 to 1822, he travelled through Germany, in order to exhibit a collection of automata made by himself and his friend Puchner the lithographer. After his return, he devoted himself to sculpture, under the guidance of Albrecht Reindel. His first important work was the statue of Melanchthon, on the square before the Gymnasium at Nürnberg, which he cut out on the spot from the freestone block transported there for the purpose. He was next entrusted with the Professorship of Plastic Art at the Polytechnic School, during which time he made his first attempts in casting. His first work of note in this line was a bust of King Maximilian the First. In 1827, the casting of the statue of Albrecht Dürer, modelled by Rauch, was conferred on him. With the intention to prepare himself for this task, he went to Rome, where he worked for half-a-year in the studio of the celebrated sculptor, M. Crossettiere. On the 21st of May, 1840, the uncovering of the Dürer statue took place; and, with tears of joy in his eyes, Rauch, who would not look at the statue before it was uncovered, embraced him. On that day, Bergschmit's fame as an artist was established. Of his many great works, we name the monuments of Beethoven at Bonn, and Emperor Charles the Fourth at Prague,—both after Hähnel. His last important work is the monument of Radetzky, begun in 1856, with the assistance of his son-in-law, Lenz. It is almost completed, and was just to receive the last finishing touches when death snatched the master away.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF FINE ARTS, PORT-LAND GALLERY, 316, Regent-street, opposite the Polytechnic. The above Society's ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of MODERN ARTS is NOW OPEN from 9 till 10, Admission 6d.; and every Evening from 7 till 10, Admission 6d.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The EXHIBITION of PHOTOGRAPHS is NOW OPEN at the SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, daily from 10 till 5, admission 1s.; and every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Evening, from 7 till 10, admission 6d. The Exhibition of the French Photographic Society has just been added to the Collection. The Brompton and Putney Omnibuses pass every five minutes.—Season Tickets, 5s. each.

'THE HORSE FAIR,' by Mlle. ROSA BONHEUR (the engraved picture), and 'Morning in the Highlands,' her last production;—'Ecole Homo,' by Ary Scheffer; 'The Chess Players,' by Paul Delaroche; 'The Peacock,' by Rosa Bonheur; 'Ed. Dubufe,' are NOW EXHIBITING by Messrs. LEGGATT, HAYWARD & LEGGATT, at their NEW CITY GALLERY, 19, Change Alley. Entrances by the side of No. 29, Cornhill, leading to Garraway's. Also a choice Collection of about Two Hundred Pictures, by the most celebrated Masters of the English and French Schools. Open from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Admission 1s. Catalogue, 6d.—N.B. After dusk the Gallery is brilliantly lighted by the Patent Sun Burners.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, NAPLES, POMPEI, and VESUVIUS, every NIGHT (except Saturday) at 8, and Sunday Afternoons at 3.—Places can be secured, at the Box Office, Egyptian Hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

MR. CHARLES COTTON'S ROSE, SHAMROCK, and THISTLE, introducing characters in Costume, with Songs, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at 8, Saturday at 3.—Prince of Wales's Hall, 200, Regent Street, Admission, 1s. and 2s.—Secured at Mitchell's Library, Bond Street; and at the Hall.

THE SOMMAMBULE, ADOLPHE DIDIER, gives his MAGNETIC SÉANCES and CONSULTATIONS for Acute and Chronic Diseases, their Causes and Remedies, and on all subjects of interest, EVERY DAY, from 1 till 4—19, Upper Albany Street, Regent's Park. Consultation by Letter.

DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM and GALLERY of SCIENCE, 3, Tichborne-street, Birmingham.—Lectures daily by Dr. Kahn, and by Dr. Sexton, illustrated by Brilliant Experiments, Dissolving Views upon a new principle, &c.—Open for Gentlemen only, from 12 till 5, and from 7 till 10. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Handbook, 6d. Programme Gratia. Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures, and a Programme sent post free on the receipt of twelve stamps.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—March 4.—Dr. Hooker, V.P., in the chair.—The following papers were read: 'Notes of Researches on the Polyammonium Bases,' by Dr. Hofmann,—'Description of the Skull and Teeth of the *Placodus Laticeps*,' by Prof. R. Owen.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Feb. 12.—Annual General Meeting.—Manuel J. Johnson, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—W. Doeg, Esq., Dr. Godfrey, and W. K. Murray, Esq., were elected Fellows.—The Council presented their Report for the past year with congratulations on the state and prospects of the Society. The Report of the Auditors showed the receipts to have been 1,557l. 6s. 5d.; and the expenditure, 1,226l. 7s. 9d., leaving a balance at the bankers' of 290l. 18s. 6d.—The Council has had its attention called by the united request of five of the Fellows, agreeably to the by-laws, Section X., to the discussion of an alteration in, or rather an addition to, the mode of electing the Officers and Council. Owing to the lateness of the proposal, it has been necessary to refer the matter to the next Council. The addition proposed seems to arise out of the opinion that the present method, which consists in bringing to the vote a list prepared by the retiring Council, with individual liberty of substitution of any one name for any other, gives no opportunity of previous concert in the election of officers, except among those Fellows who happen to be thrown together by circumstances. It is accordingly desired that every Fellow should have a power of nomination, and that the nominations should be forwarded with the list proposed by the Council, in the manner now practised with that list alone. To the principle of this proposal there can hardly be an objection: and, provided that the Council are allowed to secure a working list, by actual ascertainment of those who are willing and able to attend, the production of additional names of other Fellows similarly circumstanced might be an additional advantage. But the new Council will probably hardly recommend a change, unless the feeling of the Society should appear in favour of it. In the course of the last year, as the Meeting is aware, the power given by the charter to have twelve Fellows on the Council was used, by the enactment of a by-law increasing the number of the Council from ten to twelve. The Council, accordingly, on the present occasion, propose to the Meeting a list in accordance with the new by-

law.—The Council have to regret the loss by death of their Associate, Signor Antonio Colla, and of the following Fellows of the Society:—Dr. Bloxham; Admiral Sir F. Beaufort; Capt. Corry; Dr. Drew; Dr. Dick; Earl Fitzwilliam; Capt. Graham; Dr. King; Dr. Maddy; Admiral Owen; H. Perkins, Esq.; C. H. Wild, Esq.—The Council have much regret in announcing that Prof. Narrien retires at once from the Society and from his post at the Military College at Sandhurst, on account of the failure of his sight. Mr. Narrien's work on the 'Origin and Progress of Astronomy' is one of the most valuable pieces of ancient history which has ever been written, and presents the results of deep learning to the student who possesses the mere rudiments, without any repulsive show of erudition. There is no work so easy and so accessible out of which to lay the foundation of a sound knowledge of early astronomical history: and it leaves off nearly at the point where Mr. Grant's modern history commences. The English student of the present day is fortunate in the means which he possesses of reviewing the progress of astronomy.—In the actual operations of the Royal Observatory during the past year nothing has occurred which requires much notice.—Since our last Meeting, the Lords of the Admiralty have caused to be printed Mr. Carrington's 'Redhill Catalogue of 3,735 Circumpolar Stars,'—a work which the Council cannot pass over without special notice. The number of stars observed is sufficient evidence of the magnitude of the work; and when it is remembered that each star has been observed on the average four or five times, and that all lie within 9° of the North Pole of the heavens, every working astronomer will be able to form a pretty accurate idea of the amount of labour which must have been bestowed upon it. Ten new members of the group of minor planets have been added to the solar system since our last anniversary. The first, Ariadne, was discovered by Mr. Pogson at Oxford, on the 15th of April; the second, Nysa, was discovered by M. Goldschmidt at Paris, on the 27th of May; the third, Eugenia, was discovered also by M. Goldschmidt on the 28th of June; the fourth, Hestia, was discovered by Mr. Pogson at his private residence, Oxford, on the 16th of August; the fifth, Aglaja, was discovered on the 15th of September by Dr. Luther at the Bilk Observatory; the sixth, Doris, and seventh, Pales, were both discovered by M. Goldschmidt on the same evening, namely, the 19th of September. The eighth, Virginia, was discovered on the 4th of October by Mr. Ferguson, at the Observatory at Washington, and also independently by Dr. Luther at the Bilk Observatory, on the 19th of the same month; the ninth, Nemausa, was discovered by M. Laurent at Marseilles, on the 22nd of January of the present year; the tenth was discovered on the 6th of February by M. Goldschmidt, at Paris. The aggregate number of minor planets now amounts to fifty-two. Eight comets have been discovered since the last anniversary of the Society. Of these, seven were discovered in the course of the past year, and one since the commencement of the current year. The first comet of the year 1857 was discovered on the 22nd of February, by Prof. D'Arrest at Leipsic. It was also discovered independently by Van Arsdale at Newark, U.S. It continued during the period of its visibility to exhibit a faint telescopic aspect. The elements of the orbit were found to be sensibly parabolic. The second comet of 1857 was discovered by Dr. Bruhns, at the Berlin Observatory on the 18th of March. It was speedily found by the German astronomers that this was no other than the rediscovery of Börson's comet which was originally discovered in 1846, and was ascertained to revolve in an elliptic orbit with a period of somewhat less than six years, but which no astronomer had succeeded in detecting on the occasion of its next return to the perihelion in the year 1851. A Dutch astronomer, Van Galen, had calculated its motion for the next period, and found that its passage of the perihelion would take place on the 29th of June. The perihelion passage occurred in reality on the 25th of March. The discordance arose from Van Galen having assumed the mean motion to be a little too small. In other respects his calculations

were found to be very accurate. The period of revolution is about 2,026 days. The third comet of the same year was discovered on the 22nd of June at Göttingen, by Dr. Klinkerfues. No trace of ellipticity was discoverable in the orbit. The fourth comet was discovered by Dr. C. H. F. Peters, on the 25th of July at the Dudley Observatory, Albany, U.S. It was also discovered independently in Europe, by M. Dien at the Imperial Observatory of Paris, and by Prof. Habicht at Gotha. It was a faint telescopic object without any visible nucleus. Mr. Watson, assistant at the Observatory of Ann Arbor, Michigan, U.S., found that the observations would be best satisfied by an elliptic orbit, the major axis of which indicated a period of 258 years. This result appears to be confirmed by a subsequent investigation of M. Pape, assistant at the Observatory of Altona. The fifth comet was discovered by Dr. Klinkerfues at Göttingen, on the 20th of August. A parabolic orbit was found to satisfy the observations. The sixth comet was discovered by Dr. Donati at Florence, on the 10th of November; it was also discovered independently on the same evening by Van Arsdale at Newark, U.S. The orbit was found to be sensibly parabolic. The seventh comet of 1857 is D'Arrest's comet of about 6'4 years' period, which appears to have been discovered about the close of the year at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope. The only information which the Council at present possesses relative to this interesting body is derived from a letter addressed by Mr. Maclear to the Astronomer Royal, dated 1857, Dec. 26, in which it is stated simply that the comet had been discovered, and was being observed with the 8½-foot equatoreal. The first comet of 1858 was discovered on the 4th of January, by Mr. Tuttle at Cambridge, U.S., and also independently on the 11th of the same month, by Dr. Bruhns at Berlin. The elements of its orbit have been found to bear a strong resemblance to those of the second comet of 1790. This would indicate a period of sixty-eight years, but it may not improbably have returned to its perihelion more than once since its apparition in 1790; and in fact, from an investigation of the elliptical elements, it would seem to revolve in a period of about thirteen years. The comet of Faye will be due again in August, 1858,—that of Encke in November, 1858,—and that of Biela in April, 1859.—The following Fellows were elected the Officers and Council for the ensuing year:—*President*, G. Bishop, Esq.; *Vice-Presidents*, G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal, A. De Morgan, Esq., M. J. Johnson, Esq., and J. Lee, Esq., LL.D.; *Treasurer*, S. C. Whitbread, Esq.; *Secretaries*, R. C. Carrington and W. De La Rue, Esq.s; *Foreign Secretary*, Admiral R. H. Manners; *Council*, A. Cayley, Esq., Rev. G. Fisher, J. Glaisher, Esq., R. Grant, Esq., J. R. Hind, Esq., R. Hodgson, Esq., Rev. R. Main, C. May, Esq., Rev. B. Powell, Rev. C. Pritchard, W. Simms, Esq., and Admiral W. H. Smyth.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—*March 11.*—The Earl Stanhope, President, in the chair.—Exhibitions:—By Mr. Franks, Director, a fragment of carved stone in the manner of the Irish crosses.—By Mr. John Clutton, fragments of pottery and charred corn, discovered on the estate of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, near Kingston Hill.—By Mr. Carthew, relics from an Anglo-Saxon cemetery at Castle Acre.—By Mr. John Nichols, an enamelled ring, with the word IHEVS and sssss.—By Mr. J. Howard, the seal of the Priory of Dodenes, or Dodnash.—By Mr. J. B. Nichols, an embroidered chasuble of the thirteenth century.—By Mr. Franks, an example of embroidery of the thirteenth century.—Mr. J. Farrer, in a letter to the Treasurer, described his recent researches among the ruins of Picts' houses in the Orkneys.—A communication was read from the Earl of Malmesbury, inclosing a despatch from Her Majesty's Minister at Athens, announcing the almost entire destruction of Corinth by an earthquake.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—*March 10.*—Dr. Patrick Colquhoun, LL.D., in the chair.—Mr. Vaux read a paper, communicated by Dr. Hermann, 'On Gustavus the Third of Sweden,' in which the eventful history of that monarch was

traced with great skill, from the period of his accession to the throne in 1771 to his assassination by Ankerström, at the masked ball, in 1792. Dr. Hermann showed that Gustavus united in his own person and character most of those qualities, intellectual and moral, which distinguished the latter half of the eighteenth century. Thus, like Catherine of Russia and Frederick the Great, though not to the same extent, he was a believer in those doctrines whose chief expositors were Voltaire and the Encyclopedists—while, in the government of his country, he was ever striving after a system of optimism, which, however beneficial in theory, is wholly impracticable. The reign of Gustavus is chiefly remarkable for the spirit with which he broke down the tyranny of certain noble families, which had long usurped nearly the whole of the royal prerogative, and had thrown the monarch into the background,—for the zeal with which he carried out many reforms of the greatest benefit to the more indigent classes of his people,—for the wonderful rashness with which—unsupported by a single other European power—he rushed madly into a war with the Russian Empress,—and for the extraordinary victory, in which, at the close of his second campaign, in July 1791, he destroyed the entire Russian fleet in the bay of Swöborg, and captured no less than 1,412 Russian cannon.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Feb. 24.—T. J. Pettigrew, Esq. V.P., in the chair.—R. Golding, Esq. of Honiton, and H. J. Stevens, Esq., of Derby, were elected Associates.—Mr. Pettigrew exhibited some Roman antiquities, presented to him by Mrs. Kerr, an Associate, found in the Lac d'Antre (Jura). They consisted of a small bronze fibula, of a lozenge form, rarely met with; a fish-hook, half a bronze hinge, bronze wire, the handle of a bronze lingula, and a finger-ring of iron. They were accompanied by a piece of Cipollino marble.—Mr. Luxmore exhibited a fine medal of Elizabeth, struck in commemoration of the destruction of the Spanish Armada, having on the reverse *NON IPSA PERICULA TANGUNT*.—Mr. Gunston produced a fine specimen of Hunting Sword of the time of William the Third.—Mr. Planché read a paper 'On the Seals of Hubert de Burgh and his son John.' Also a paper 'On an erroneous Inscription in Winchester Cathedral,' which relates to the burial of Richard, second son of William the Conqueror, and the Duke or Earl of Beorn. They lie in a mortuary chest, upon which is inscribed *Intus est Corpus Richardi Willhelmi Conqueroris Filii et Beornie Duxis*. The original inscription, of which Mr. Planché produced a rubbing taken by Mr. Baigent, reads *Hic jacet (iacent) Ricardus Willi. Senioris Fil. et Beorn Dux*. It appeared that in 1525 Bishop Fox collected the remains of the Saxon kings and prelates, and of some later princes, who had been originally buried behind the altar, or in different parts of the cathedral, and packed them by couples into the mortuary chests which stand on the walls of the choir. The slab which had covered the remains of Earl Beorn and Prince Richard was placed in its present position, and the words *Intus est corpus, &c.*, cut upon the canopy of the new work by some one who, knowing nothing about Beorn, and misled by the word *jacet*, considered the epitaph to apply to one person only, and altered *et Beorn Dux* into *et Beornie Duxis*.—Mr. Dunne exhibited an iron Dagger of the Secret Black Tribunal of Germany. It was considered only as an Ecype, and the production of the original would be interesting.—Mr. Vere Irving referred to the consideration of the Roman Camps at Ardloch, and the remainder of the evening was occupied in the reading of Mr. Cuming's paper 'On the History of Mirrors,' which was illustrated by more than twenty examples, Egvnian, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, Chinese, &c.

NUMISMATIC.—Feb. 25.—W. J. W. Vaux, President, in the chair.—Col. Tobin Bush was elected a Member.—Mr. Evans read a paper by the late Dr. Scott, of Edinburgh, “On some remarkable Unpublished Coins of the Emperors Tiberius, Nero, and Vespasian, and upon a coin of the Sindi, a tribe who occupied the Island of Taman, and the adjoining districts during the existence of

the kingdom of the Bosphorus.' Dr. Scott remarked that M. Prokeschooten had published this coin in a recent work, but had failed to identify it with the Sindi.—Mr. Vaux read a paper 'On some rare Coins of Characene,' recently brought to England by Dr. Hyslop, of Baghdad. So little is known, in history, of these kings, and of the true limits of the territory over which they ruled, that the discovery of any additional coins, and the identification of the localities where they have been discovered, is a matter of much numismatic interest. The specimens brought home by Dr. Hyslop belong chiefly to Attambilus II. and Meherdates and his Queen, Uiphoba. They are, for the most part, in excellent preservation.

ZOOLOGICAL.—*March 9.*—Dr. Gray in the chair.—The Secretary read a monograph of the genus *Miniopterus*, by R. F. Tomes, Esq., in which a new species was characterized under the name of *M. Australis*.—Mr. Slater, at the request of Mr. J. H. Gurney, exhibited some interesting specimens from the fine collection of rapacious birds belonging to the Norwich Museum, and characterized two of them as new, under the names *Buteo zonocercus* and *Scops usula*: the former being from Guatamala; the latter from Ega, on the Upper Amazon, where it was collected by Mr. Bates.—The Secretary also read papers by Mr. H. Dohrn, Mr. Mörch, and Mr. Hanley, describing various new species of shells, principally in Mr. Cunningham's collection; and by A. Leith Adams, M.B., Surgeon, 22nd Regiment, 'On the Habits, Haunts, &c., of some of the Birds of India.'—Dr. Gray read a paper 'On the Power of Dissolving Shells, possessed by the Bernard Crab.'—In a note to his paper 'On the Formation and Structure of Shells,' in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1833, he stated it as probable that some Bernard Crabs had the faculty of dissolving shells,—it not being unusual to find the long fusiform shells, which are inhabited by these animals, with the inner lip and a great part of the pillar on the inside of the mouth destroyed, so as to render the aperture much larger than usual.—Dr. Gray having continued his observations on these shells, was quite convinced that certain species of Bernard Crab (*Pagurus*) have this power, some possessing it to a much greater degree than others.—Dr. Gray read a second paper, intituled a 'Proposal to separate the Family of Salamandridæ, (Gray), into two Families, according to the Form of the Skull.'

PHILOLOGICAL.—Feb. 4.—Herbert Coleridge, Esq., in the chair.—The Reverend R. Littledale was elected a member.—Presents of books, for the use of the New Dictionary Committee, from the Rev. Dr. Macbride, Beriah Botfield, Esq., M.P., and J. Mayer, Esq., were announced.—The paper read was by Prof. Key, ‘A Supplemental Paper on the Celtic suffix *agh*, as occurring in Latin, Greek, and the related Languages.’

Feb. 18.—The Bishop of St. David's, President, in the chair.—C. Roberts, Esq., was elected a member.—The Rev. F. Crawford was re-admitted a member.—The papers read were, 'On the Confirmation of my *agh* Theory, to be found in the Anglo-Saxon and Old Norse,' by Prof. Key.—'On certain Classes in African Philology, especially the Mandingo, Kouri, and Nufi groups,' by Dr. R. G. Latham.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—*March 9.*—Archdeacon Raymond in the chair.—Mr. W. F. Ainsworth, the Honorary Secretary, read a paper by Dr. Jolowicz of Königsberg ‘On Egyptian Mythology.’

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mow. British Architects, 8.
 — Geographical, 8.—On New Guinea,' by Dr. Müller.—
 'Australian Explorations,' by Capt. Freeling and Mr.
 — Royal Institution, 3.—On Biology,' by Prof. Huxley.
 Tues. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—On Submerging and
 Repairing Submarine Telegraph Cables,'—'Improvements
 in the River for Navigation,' by Mr. Despard.—
 Zoological, 8.—
 Royal Institution, 3.—On Biology,' by Prof. Huxley.
 Wed. Royal Society of Literature, 4.
 Brit. Meteorological, 7.—General and Journal.—'Obser-
 vations on the Meteorological Mortality of London in
 1837,' by Dr. Tripe.—'On the History of the Meteoric
 Iron of the Desert of Atacama,' by Mr. Bollart.—'Me-
 teorological Observations, &c., during the Solar Eclipse,
 by Mr. B. B. Woodward.
 Geological, 8.—On the Rock-basin of Dartmoor,' by Mr.
 Ormerod.—'On the Kelloway Rock of the Yorkshire
 Coast,' by Mr. Leesley.—'On a Protrusion of Silurian
 Terciary,' by Mr. G. Green.

WED. Society of Arts, 8.—'On Electro-Motive Machines,' by Mr. Allen.
British Archaeological Association, 8.—'On the Round Towers extant in Ireland, with Illustrations,' by Mr. Hills.—'On some British Antiquities discovered in Lancashire,' by Mr. Cuming.
THURS. Numismatic, 7.
Royal Academy, 8.—'Painting,' by Prof. Hart.
Society of Antiquaries, 8.
ROYAL, 8.—'On the Active Powers of Metals and their Action on Heat,' by Mr. Calvert.—'On the Surface which is the Envelope of Planes through the Points of an Ellipsoid at right angles to the Radius Vectors from the Centre,' by Mr. Cayley.—'Some Remarks on the Physiological Action of the Taugnifica Venenaria,' by Mr. Killeen.
Royal Institution, 3.—'On Heat,' by Prof. Tyndall.
Royal Institution, 8.—'On Mineral Candles and other Products manufactured at Belmont,' by the Rev. J. Barlow.
SAT. Royal Institution, 3.—'On the Chemistry of the Elements which circulate in Nature,' by Prof. Bloxam.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Gems of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition.
Part IV. Ancient and Modern. Photographed by Caldesi and Montecchi. (Colnaghi & Co.)

THUS well ends a great work well begun. The parts make up the 100 engravings of each series, and put the cap-stone on a noble monument to a noble enterprise. The volume will indeed be quite an epitome of the history of Art,—a delightful comment on Vasari's chattering volumes. It would be invidious to mention their shortcomings, because these are not the fault of the Italian artists who set the sunbeam to copy for them, and trusted to the sunbeam's judgment, rapidity, and dexterity, but to those glossy varnishes that in some cases the damp has chilled on the heat thickened. We have no heart to blame Photography for not avoiding these faults, because we know the sun is too much of a hot-headed Tintoretto ever to select or avoid; and that but for this spontaneous and cheap engraving these volumes had never been published at all. The portraits are peculiarly interesting:—because in them the exact unbiased copy—without show-off or partiality, trickery or affectation—is so indispensable: Truth being the first merit in a portrait, Art only the second. 'Pope,' by J. Richardson, is a valuable remembrance of the little valetudinarian of Twickenham,—a satirist by nature, goaded on by the petulance and irritability of bodily deformity and perpetual illness. The long, thin hand—the large weakly eyes—the sunk cheek—the full, light, globular forehead—the slightly-arched, dark eyebrows—the shrewish sunk mouth,—all convey to us the epigrammatical valetudinarian, a little crooked, without wig, in the flowing dressing-gown of Kneller's manner, and with the shirt open at the throat. Popé was a sort of gentlemanly Aesop in respect of person,—but there is a fine craving of inspiration in his large, dark eyes. As a contrast to this, there is that determined stalwart German, Lucas Cranach's portrait of that Henry the Eighth—the Elector of Saxony, with Luther shrewd enough at his back, and that mild reasoning man of peace, Melanthon, laying down the law with single upraised forefinger, in front of him. About the bluff, knightly Elector—with the chain and the too ready sword that his fat hand is always creeping to—there are acres of gold thread running into all possible scrolls, links, and flowers; and about his crisp, quickset beard—insolent yet frank mouth—piggy eyes—and close-cropped, round head,—there is a singular and not unamusing sturdiness. As for Luther—with the rebellious lock over his forehead—his eye is searching, defiant, and sarcastic; while Melanthon is bland, merciful, and perhaps a trifle weak. The queer little cherub at the Elector's foot looks like a joke. Then comes that much more flowing and vigorous portrait,—'Rubens, by Himself.' Rubens, in his broad, dark, raking hat, his frowning cloak, and vagrant lace collar! What an arch of colour in the eyebrow! What vigour in his fine, chivalrous mouth! What vivacity in the wiry curl of the Spanish mustache, and full, round beard! What a princely gentleman was the regal-looking Fleming who could be stern enough when he came to a gate he must break through or stop at! Then we have Rembrandt allured out of his dark, cavernous studio by such a merry, round-faced, young wife, with a

plaited ruff crisp with starch, as big as a waggon-wheel, round her pretty, white, fat, Flemish neck, and a simple, plain coif round her combed-back hair and round pleasant face, with its dimpled, full cheeks and amusingly surprised mouth. Her figured dress, rich ruffles, and lace-fringed gloves, are pleasant to behold, as Pepys would say. 'Sir Robert Cecil,' with the taper fingers turning outward at the ends—as fingers should do—loose frilled ruff, grim oblong face, and square, flat forehead, is a curiosity as he plays with the order round his neck to show the whiteness of his hand, that has, we know, done dirty diplomatic work in its time, though it is so white and womanish. 'Sir A. More,' with his hand on the over-big dog, has a fine rugged, grave, wise head, the eyes wary, the mouth with a little of the bulldog's in it, the square, bumpy forehead ruled with lines of thoughtful wrinkles,—with that staunch face and that rapier with the corded handle so trim and strong, he does not look like a man to have been so easily frightened out of Spain. The 'Snyders,' by Vandyke, is a most lucid example of how a master can paint a pupil. There is a pleasant, brushed-up frankness and springiness in the bison-hunt painter. For dignified quaintness it would not be easy to match Porbus's 'Due de Guise,' with his immense satin hose,—big as Polyphemus's bolsters,—rich-gartered, slim legs, and square, quaint-ribbed shoes. There is a strange, cruel, cunning smile about the tight, thin mouth of this mischievous son of Belial, with his huge, square collar and looped-up hand strings. What a change to move from this gaunt spectre of the murdered man to the rollicking freedom of Vandyke in the prime of his genius, in 'Killigrew and Carew'! What a light there is in the restless eye of the speaker with the white satin doublet, with its long scores of bullet-buttons! What movement in the bold, scornful faces of the long-haired cavaliers!

The miscellaneous pictures commence with the 'Ecce Homo' of Murillo,—so broad, religious, and simple, so full of tender love and subdued sorrow,—perhaps, though this is the painter of low street boys and vulgar Spanish life, the most exquisite type of the Saviour at present existing on canvas. We must contrast this fine eclecticism with the rude grandeur of Fra Lippi's 'Virgin and Child,' a decorative altar-picture, full of Byzantine influences. The faces, though all a little distorted and emaciated, have a primeval reality about them, and are forebodings of Buonarroti, as Signorelli's were, though afar off. Here, indeed, to prove it, comes a 'Holy Family' by the great Florentine,—a sublime and profound love and passion visible, especially in the faces of the two reading attendants. How feeble and insipid after this statuesque dignity is even Murillo's 'Good Shepherd,' though the face of the child Saviour beams with a pious rapture purely angelic. In the same way, Guido's 'Virgin and Child' is cold after Murillo's rapture and heart poetry, though its drawing and arrangement are so fine. Lastly of these gems comes A. Caracci's 'Three Marys,' of which the chief merits are the exquisite modelling and careful arrangement of drapery,—the fire is very cold; and propriety, cold propriety, and exactness seem the great aim of the artist.

We must now come to the faulty specimens, which are either those ill chosen or ill taken. Guido's 'Venus and Cupid' is a mere nude study of one of those dark, shadow-eyed beauties the painter admired; Fra Lippi's 'St. Peter healing the lame Man' is an obscure piece of business. Terburg's 'Parental Advice' is quite lost, even the 'plump' satin gown with its rippling lights. Guido's 'Assumption' is a black spot; and Cervelli's 'Pieta' is a hideous, wooden caricature.

Of the modern series, we begin with Mr. Macnee's 'Dr. Wardlaw,' an admirable head, and pass on to that beautiful parallelism of Ary Scheffer's 'Dante and Beatrice,' admiring especially the saintly purity and beatified tranquillity of Beatrice. 'Banditti,' by Cattermole, is a most characteristic picture by this clever, picturesque, but conventional and unreal artist, who, at this late hour of the day, will continue to treat us with diluted

Scott, and modified dreams of Wouvermans, thrown back into the plate armour age because plate armour focuses light and is effective. The 'Toilette,' by Etty, having little merit but colour, was hardly worth copying for the sake of a rounded back, some flashing eyes, and several gowns of dotted and spangled muslin. The same may be said of that dull and rather empty picture of Mr. Leslie's, 'Death of Queen Catherine.' Etty's 'Cleopatra,' a gorgeous and voluptuous picture, without thought, and injured by bad drawing, comes out spotty and shapeless, so different from the severe and earnest love of form visible in Mr. Dyce's 'Jacob and Rachael,' though Jacob is a little mean in outline, and Rachael a little sour,—or Mr. Frost's 'Sea Cave,' a nymph studying a periwinkle. The photographs of Mr. Macnee's pictures quite prove that as monochromes they lose nothing from want of colour, and positively gain by having no brimstone and treacle to repel, distract, or disgust the eye. The scene from 'As You Like It' is especially powerful and astonishing, varied in character, and rich in imagination. Orlando is perhaps a little too affected, in his diver's attitude,—and Adam is a featureless old philosopher; but what proud, anxious severity in Celia and Rosalind (more masculine than we conceive them),—what arch meaning in the piebald jester's look,—what scornful wonder in the Duke,—what bullying, Goliath contempt and disdain in the wrestler,—what sarcastic surprise in the prime minister! The picture gains by the absence of the greenhouse of Mr. Petro. In the 'Author's Reception by the Players' there is intense fun, especially in the proud *prima donna*, who feels the poor, lean wretch is close at her elbow with his abominable, musty play, that nobody cares about,—what scorn and ridicule are in every eye and lip, good-humoured in some, tyrannous and crushing with others! How even the lackeys catch the tone of feeling, and try to look superhuman and unconscious. There is not a richer imagination in Art England than that which created this Spanish scene of pathetic humour.

THE PORTLAND GALLERY.

The eleventh Exhibition of the National Institution is about what might be expected of a Society all but deprived of the power of rejecting what is bad.

It is chiefly remarkable for being filled with everything that no other Exhibition will take, and for its abundant store of sketches of pictures doomed never to be painted. Titian, when in extreme old age he used his old thumbs for brushes,—Reynolds, when he added a pinch of ashes to increase the globe of his impasto,—Rembrandt, when he scratched about the brows of his burgomasters with his maulstick, never dreamed of such pigmentary experiments, such burnt-sienna cheeks, such rose-madder flesh, such combed-down mountains, as are here to be seen. With the exception of Mr. Lauder's large and plausible failures, there is scarcely a bit of thought, religion, or poetry in the whole gallery. But there are innumerable sketches of the living corpses of semi-rustic children. Out of the 576 works exhibited by the rising and sinking talent of the day and night there must be no less than 200 pictures of children, goggly, hideous, livid, unnatural, in all stages of growth and frightfulness. 'Innocent and simple taste,' thinks the generous outsider, 'escaping from the fret and griefs of this life to sympathize with blindman's buff and knuckle down.' Bah! this child-painting is a mere kidnapping trick to catch old gentlemen with large hearts, larger pockets, and still larger families. It is a trap, meanly, selfishly, and trickily designed to get money. It requires no thought and no invention, but takes with the large, un inventive, thoughtless class who do not want pictures that trouble them to think.

The best picture in the rooms, not for painting, though it is by no means deficient in merits of execution, is 'Painting from Nature out of Doors' (No. 543), by Mr. J. Morten, a young artist who has hitherto, we believe, restricted himself too much to sketching his quick-coming fancies, with a taste for colour to which this painting hardly does justice.

Mr. Morten shows us a tramping artist in the street of some Devonshire fishing village, say Clovelly, fixed on his tripod of a camp-stool, his sketching canvas, white and tight as a drum-head, before his ready hand, and steadily balanced on the permanent easel. But now commence the vexations of his art: a contemplative briny fisher-boy elbows him, whistling as he looks; three little girls, linked together, stare with chronic astonishment, a fisherman's son laden with a dripping net stumps sturdily on, to the certain subversion of the unknown phenomena with so many legs. A great fisherman with a tarpaulin hat, a comforter and blue shirt, totally indifferent to the necessities of Art, shouts, "Here's your ash-leaf kidnies." While to the right a Clovelly mother, determined to maintain discipline, is lugging off by the ear a too prolonged loiterer, while learning with stolid determination to make itself at home is a child sitting on the ground crying at a round ink-bottle, which has served for a horse and has upset in harness. Now this makes a full and humorous picture. The scene is a pretty reminiscence of a pleasant Arab sort of life, full of real fun, not the worse for being a trifé caricatured. We have not seen for some years anything so good as the face of the crying child with its shut eyes, cheeks crimson with crying, and ridiculously distorted mouth. The wondering woman, too, is good, and so is the half-contemptuous contemplation of the whistling boy. The purple and yellow flesh-colour of some of the children's faces should be painted over.

Mr. Launder's *Christ Betrayed* (334) is a large Scriptural painting,—“barren all, Sir John, barren all,”—yet with a certain good air about it, a certain self-confident and self-satisfied religiosity and broad manner about it, that saves it from total disgrace. St. John tells us, as soon as He had said unto them, “I am he,” they went backward and fell to the ground,—and there they are falling, one soldier on his face in a faint, and another dead and stiff on his back,—Judas, very like Macklin's *Shylock*, looks frightened and nonplussed,—and the Pharisees are all in a heap, in a night-mare agony of cowardly alarm and dismay. Now, we could pardon the meanness and affectation of those little swinging fire-cressets, the pretension of costume in those striped stuffs, that orange drapery, that queer calabash, that extraordinary pitchfork which one of the disciples carries,—we could pardon the colic and grimaces of the talisman-wearing Jews; but we cannot tolerate the rubbed-down softening of the painting, nor the dreariness of straight drapery, which Mr. Launder, we suppose, thinks religious simplicity. That purply, dark back-ground, those pale neutral-coloured robes and occasional streams of orange, show a poverty of mannerism that no man who devotes his whole life and mind to Art should display. As for the calabash, &c., they are now well-known properties, and figured last year in the ‘Meg Merrilles’ picture. We feel that old nausea at the sight of them that we used to feel at Mr. Pickersgill's red cap, the spotted butterfly on Pre-Raphaelite walls, and Mr. Bouvier's blue eyes and glossy carnations.

Gethsemane (449) is another sort of failure. The sorrow and fatigue in our Saviour's bowed-down face is of a mean and imbecile kind. There is no divinity, no supporting sense of a great purpose still burning at the heart; there is a mere inane, stupid, mindless fatigue. As for the angel with the immense pigeon-wings, so palpable and material, it has a simpering trivial face, that is not good enough for heaven and scarcely good enough for earth. Loving colours ourselves, and believing in the solid sapphire of June skies and the burning red of the poppy, in the rolling, billowing gold of August corn-fields, we, knowing such strange colours to be divine, feel chilled by the insipid neutral yellows and pale dim reds that Mr. Lauder seems to think so spiritual and so inevitable to religious subjects. The picture, however, has some good points. There is a bowed, aching, heart-grief about the kneeling figure, a certain floatiness about the too palpable angel, a certain ominous night feeling in the lurid background, with the glare of the coming torches; and the seed disks of the thistle and dead weeds are cleverly put in. As for *A Song of Praise* (39), it is a mere Naples

yellow portrait of a boldly religious young lady, with Naples yellow hair and a certain Tennysonian beauty.—It is quite a relief, after Mr. Lauder's flight, to come to a piece of simple humour in Mr. H. S. Marks's *Egyptian Hieroglyphics* (254). The fish out of water is a very green bumpkin poised in a state of intense wonder in the British Museum on a public day between the great Scarabaeus and a staring Sphynx. Dull wonder was never better expressed, even by Keeley.—Mr. R. H. Mason contributes a very smoothly-stippled series of Spanish characters, timidly careful, but evidently true (175, 185, 191). He shows us a Salamanquino Torezo, —a dandy bull-fighter of Salamanca,—in full gladiatorial dress for the arena; a perfect tulip-coloured champion, with the curious black, tufted hat, which has been so often wet with bull's blood. He leads us on to a Catalonian girl, with lover-slaying eyes,—to Bernarvez Ruiz, a Contrabandista, with a dark, malign defiance in his handsome face,—a doubled-up old mendicant, with craft and guile in every wrinkle,—then to a Moorish boy, in the Corpus Christi procession at Barcelona, trapped and scarfed with colours, badges, and waving a religious banner,—then we see Catalan children praying at road-side shrines, or coming down from the convent of Montserrat on a June fête-day. There is too much of the lady's pretty work about them. The sweeping curve of a free brush would look savage beside such polished bran-new work.—Mr. F. Smallfield is always worth looking at, because he always does his best, and spares no love, time, or labour. His *Afternoon Service in Summer Time* (205) has been done before, and is nothing when it is done but a rather disagreeable aspect of religious indifference in two common, ugly children, who might stand for types of the fervour of religion in 1858. No word-spinning can make more of it. A *Devonshire Maid* (192), again, is nothing but the portrait of a child in a perverted green head-dress, half hunting-cap, half sun-bonnet. *Black-berry Gatherers* (384) is a pretty country reminiscence. There is a great deal more purpose and novelty in *The Fisherman's Threshold* (232), and *Herring-Boat going out* (241).—these are really true records of fishing life, without any cobalts or carmines to make the peasants presentable. Mr. H. Moore, we are sorry to see, has trespassed a little on Mr. Hook's Devonshire ground, for artists will run in packs. Why is it that if an artist turns up a new village every one rushes off to that village, as if the subject and not the genius led to success? *The Young Mariners* (440) is made up of Mr. Hook's last year's water-steps and Turner's Carthaginian boys at the National Gallery. The water is transparent as a green skin of paint can be,—but there is no originality, though much freshness and cleverness in the picture. Sea-side boys who are cradled in real cutters and are early accustomed to smacks do not, we think, dabble about with toy-boats, with leaves for sails. The real thing takes the zest off the miserable imitation. *The Dream after the Masked Ball* (481), by Mr. J. A. Fitz-Gerald, is a smart fancy, spoiled by the prevalence of a nauseous, damson-coloured mist which hurts one's eyes. The transparent ghost at the Princess's has been remembered, and the fibrous roots which the goblin's hands and feet taper to are not unlike the net-work of a dream; but there is no story, and the fun is attenuated. Mr. J. T. Hixon, whose French subjects are promising, sends very finished sketches, which should be kept for studio-walls. His *Zouare* (568), crimson and bright enough, is remarkable for dry, gritty colour that reminds us of a nutmeg-grater or a file. *The Interior, Brittany* (509), has a singular maturity of tone and touch about it, but the figure is faulty and petty. Mr. Bouvier's (202) prettinesses are too hopeless to be worth a notice. One or two should be kept as relics of a fast dying style, fit only for tricky Annuals and the glossy lids of plum-boxes, where blue eyes, rose-coloured cheeks, and spotless forms still divide the palm with the figures in *La Belle Assemblée* and the tailor's window patterns.—Mr. C. Rossiter, who excels in finish more than in expression, shines out in the gayest daylight colours in his *Village Coquette* (349), a carefully finished, rather gaudy picture

without expression,—but finish without invention is a poor merit. His fern-gatherers and mischievous boys are, after all, but drawings of models, bright and pleasant, but not satisfying, because they are neither promises nor fulfilments. *Importance* (476), by J. Hayilar, though rather hard, is wonderfully finished and is not without humour. The colours are bright, smooth, dry, and glossy as enamel. The *Rustic Child* (521), by Mr. J. D. Watson, though too grey, wanting in breadth and unity of colour, and not quite balanced in drawing, is full of wild innocence and a free dishevelled face, that Reynolds might have got a hint from for his sly innocents. We must not overlook a carefully finished *Jaques and the Fool* (566), by Mr. Clifton, the figures a little elongated, but most surely and knowingly drawn with all minutiæ of costume and detail thoroughly given, with learning, thought and skill. The fun is a little too grim and laboured.

is a hide too grim and hideous.

Mr. Duke's "Many kiss the Child for the sake of the Nurse" (319) is pretty, but slaty and leaden in colour, a grievous fault. The faces are natural and unaffected. *The Marchioness* (162), by Miss C. Hunter, is well painted, but without humour, except of a rather painful kind.—Mr. W. Telbin's *Venice* (329) is a picture done on the Turner receipt—the water a proper mottle of rainbow dyes, not because Mr. Telbin saw it so, but because Turner had seen it so.—The best landscape in the room is Mr. H. C. Whaite's *Vale of Dolwyddelan* (371),—a little too dim and wanting more foreground strength, but still with much in it to see and think about, and with an almost feminine tenderness of poetry about it. Contrast this dream-like picture with the dull, hard, opaque materialism of Mr. J. G. Naish's *Port du Moulin* (156), with its black, baked shadows, coarse blue sky and wooden rocks. Strong and, to a certain degree, earnest as Mr. Naish is, when a man's full strength is put out, even if he is not a Hercules, but only Bottom the Weaver, we must not grumble, though we need not fall into ecstasies.

Mr. Provis is where he was. *Welsh Interior* (361) is not silvery and cool, but foxy and russet. It is autumn with Mr. Provis,—and this is autumn colour with all colourists.—Mr. Hay's portrait of *Col. Malcolm* (91) is a good manly average one, the features moulded as strongly as there is generally time to do them, or as it would pay to do them.—Mr. W. Underhill's *Charity* (117) is a good example of his style; but when he had painted the Italian boy he flagged, and the English child is a mere shadow. Mr. Underhill, too, suffers from the common curse of painting nothing but what he calls pretty. This prettiness has superseded, not merely all expression, but all attempts at expression,—Mr. Swareck is but a coarse renderer of architectural detail,—*ride Holyrood* (498).—In fish and animals, Messrs. Rolfe and Horlor visibly improve.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Governors of Dulwich Gallery, with a view of rendering the classification of pictures and their cataloguing more instructive, have commissioned Mr. Redgrave, R.A., to report upon the present state of the Gallery, and to make suggestions for the more efficient display of the pictures. At the last meeting of the Governors, it was determined that the Gallery should be opened for six days in each week without the necessity of obtaining tickets.

We have received two more chromo-lithographs from the press of Mr. Gambart:—‘Fruit,’ by W. Hunt, and ‘Morecambe Bay,’ by David Cox. They are not so highly finished as those issued by several other firms we could name, not so rich and masy in impasto, nor are so many workings expended upon them,—but still they are glowing in colour, for a machine, even thoughtful in finish, and much less hard and crude in tone than such copies were a year ago. We can easily understand the report that our fruit and still-life painters consider themselves affronted by the machine, which in executing works of mere tasteful labour, mere bouquets of colour without thought, so nearly equals them by a vile, “scurvy” combination of wheels, parchments, and linen straps. The centre of this fruit-piece—a golden, knotted pine, is a complete comic lump of rough bullion sheathed in prickly leaves, on which

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we discern that white frost-bloom that we see on the quilled leaf of a carnation. Then come those *idola* of Mr. Hunt, purple plums, perfect nests of sweetness, semi-transparent, and swelling with their nectar blood. Then there are some fibrous, fleshy slices of pine, that seem to breathe a scent as you look at them. Nor must we forget the sunny vine-leaves, the bosky, knotted melon, that reminds us of a sketch for one of Cellini's shields, and the more rosy-juiced plums—golden drops or magnum bonums—and coral-berried currants, transparent, but a little harsh,—and, to crown all, the necessary plaided matting, so brown and sunburnt. There might, however, have been more time and work spent on this picture, for the vine-leaves are a little foggy and blurred. 'Morecambe Sands,' the fellow picture, is a copy of a celebrated sketch by David Cox that was at Manchester. It is a rainy, windy thing, without definite shape, line, composition, or colour,—yet so full of the sentiment of rain and wind, blustering, grey, melancholy and wild sands, that it is one of the most exquisite studies of coast scenes we know. The farmers butt against the wind with heads "downward and inward," as anatomists say. A deep grey raininess and stormy foreboding is in the sky,—the clouds are big with rain and noisy with wind. With a broad, wet brush the painter, so English, so moody, so uncertain, so hasty, so vague, has swept in the rolling storm and the broad reach of dull, yellow sand that wants sunlight before it turns to a *Pactolus* of gold and orange. He has chilled even this in the left-hand corner with dull, blue sea-pools and dull, rainy browns that cloud the yellow, as when we see a distant sunbeam through slant, fitful April rain that is only partial. And to prevent us being merely depressed and wearied he shows us a bustle of market people coming home face to the wind, all in a drive with the "sou'-wester," in a hurry to get over sands that are the sailors' churchyard and have been good people's graves, as one prosy farmer a little "o'erparted" says, truly enough but not cheerfully. Rain and wind were never so painted, though we live in a windy and rainy country. Vandervelde after this is dull and formal, Backhuysen mannered and monotonous. Indeed, there is a "grit" about David Cox's works, a rough flavour, in fact, which gives them especial charm. As a chromo this is a good one, but it has not the full dash, richness, or variety of the water-colour. The deepest tone of the rain is paler than in Cox—the shadow cast on the sand darker. A little more expense and determination to do the thing well, and we should have had a perfect copy.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, MR. COSTA. FRIDAY, NEXT, March 26, Mendelssohn's LOB-GEANG, and MOZART'S QUIEM. Vocalists, Madame Castellan, Miss Banks, Mr. Dobly, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weise. On WEDNESDAY, March 31, the usual Passion Week performance of the MESSIAH. Vocalists: Madame Castellan, Miss Banks, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Santley. Band and Chorus consisting of nearly 700 Performers. Tickets, 3s., 6s., and 10s. at the Society's Office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDSON'S SECOND CONCERT OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, WEDNESDAY EVENING, March 24.—Beethoven Rooms.—Sonata in A Piano and Violin; Mass: Sacred Song; Spielder; and includes Faust: Ballad; The Steadfast (first time); John Bull: Tema con Var., Piano and Violoncello; Mendelssohn: Duet; "How beautiful is night"; Piano; Duet, Op. 92; Mendelssohn: Trio; Beethoven: Variations; William Messon: Miss Palmer, and Mr. Santley; Mr. H. Blasberg, and Miss Paque. Tickets, 7s.; at Cranmer & Co., and Chappell's, Bond Street.

INAUGURATION.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, Regent Street and Piccadilly.—The Opening of the New Hall will be celebrated by THE GRAND ORGAN AND PIANOFORTE CONCERTS in aid of THE FUNDS of the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, on THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 25, and on SATURDAY EVENING, March 27, under the special patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, the Prince Consort, K.G., and the Duke of Kent, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., H.R.H. the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and also his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., the President of the Middlesex Hospital. The following distinguished Artists have been engaged for the concert:—Madame Judderdorff, Miss Stabholz, Miss Stirling, Madame Lemmens, Madame Borchardt, Miss Dobly, and Miss Arabella Goddard, Signor Luchesi, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Locker, Mr. Weise, Mr. Santley, Mr. Thomas, Herr Deck, Signor Platti, Herr Molitor, the Royal Academician, consisting of 300 voices, and others, a grand Pipe Organ, Miss Henry Smart, Conductor, Mr. Benedict, Arc Stalls, One Guinea: Reserved Seats, Area and Balcony, Half-Guinea: Unreserved Seats in the Area and Balcony, 5s.; Upper Gallery, Half-Crown: to be obtained at Messrs. Chappell, Bond Street, No. 10; at Messrs. Leader & Cock, New Bond Street; Mitchell's Library, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Keith & Proves, Cheshire; and the Secretary, at the Hospital; and at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

* * * The full programme is now ready.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—We have elsewhere adverted to Monday's Concert of the *Amateur Society*, and need only therefore add, that Mozart's 'Jupiter' was the symphony,—and that Madame Pauer's excellent singing added considerably to the interest of the evening.—By what magic of ill-chosen colour the *Hanover Square Rooms*, said to be re-decorated, look more faded, chill and dreary, passes our ingenuity to tell.—This week *St. Martin's Hall* has had most of the concert music. The next seven days will see the newest, and, it is said, most splendid concert-room in London opened—*St. James's Hall*. There is a public, we fancy, for all.—At *Mr. Hullah's* fifth *Orchestral Concert*, on Tuesday, Herr Hauser played a *bassoon Concerto*,—and Miss Freeth, a young pianist of remarkable promise, made her appearance in Mendelssohn's concert *Rondo* in E flat.—The last concert of this series, we perceive, is to be devoted to Beethoven's music, and to close with the *Choral Symphony*.—A very good performance of 'Israel' took place on Wednesday. In this Mr. George Perren confirmed the good impression made at Exeter Hall, by singing "The enemy said" with so much fire and finish as to deserve his *encore*. The music lies too low for his voice, and his style and articulation stand both in need of refining;—but he has natural power enough, and considerable executive facility, and has now a capital chance of taking a good and peculiar place of his own if he will improve it. The voice of Miss Banks is beautiful and fresh,—but the soul of *Miriam* was not to be heard, on Wednesday, either in the very stately song "Thou didst blow,"—the stateliness of which by the way, seems generally overlooked by *soprano*, who warble where they should triumph,—or in the unparagoned "Sing ye to the Lord." The duett, "The Lord is a man of war," was capitally sung by Messrs. Thomas and Santley, and *encored*.—On Thursday evening *Mr. Henry Leslie's* Choir gave yet another concert of part-music.—Last night there was a *Choral Rehearsal* of the sixteen hundred belonging to the *Sacred Harmonic Society*, at Exeter Hall. Here, let us say, that the Report of the *Society* last mentioned, for last year, has been forwarded to us,—to which we shall probably advert next week, in consideration of many points of interest touched in it.

HAYMARKET.—A *débutante* at this theatre deserves notice as an example of the ease and effect with which an educated lady may pass to the stage from the drawing-room and realize a comic ideal to the life. The *Widow Greene* in Knowles's 'Love Chase' is just one of the characters in which mere stage-instruction is of little value. Natural qualifications of person and address are needed, without which the professional assumption of the part is an offence to propriety. Mrs. Wilkins, the *débutante* to whom we allude, possesses the requisites of appearance and mind—the state of feeling, in fact,—that peculiarly fit her for the impersonation of the immortal widow. Her style is marked with lady-like elegance, and her elocution is steadily correct. There is nothing of the hesitation of the novice;—and, so far as the experiment has gone, Mrs. Wilkins appears to be thoroughly equipped for a theatrical campaign.

LYCEUM.—Miss Faust added another character to her present engagement on Monday, when she performed *Beatrice* in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and was well received by a house which might have been more numerously attended.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—A paragraph before us warrants our return to the remark on the difficulties which hamper the progress of music in England. This is a report in a local paper of a concert given at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester by the Bradford Choral Society, with a very small attendance of the public. "Keep yourselves to yourselves" is far too much England's motto in the provinces. That Leeds pouted at Bradford was evident at the last Bradford Festival,—and now it seems that Manchester has treated musical visitors from a neighbouring shire as though they had come on a raid or foray, not on an excursion. Further, no one acquainted with the

two great towns of Lancashire can be ignorant of the resolution of Liverpool neither to accommodate nor to co-operate with Manchester in any musical matter where avoidance is possible, and *vice versa*. Very grand and genteel, we know, are this dignity and this self-importance. The Darning Needle, in Herr Andersen's tale, heartened herself up, when she was solitary in the sewer, with the assurance that her loneliness attested her aristocratic claims. Fashion, too, how sweet it is!—Who has forgotten *Caleb Balderstone's* recommendation of *Mayie's* "red herring" as something "far other to common red herrings."—In one of the northern towns aforesaid, some sixty years since, a great lady, wishing to astound her dinner guests by something super-delicate, bethought her of writing to London for her fish. The basket arrived duly by coach,—price five guineas,—and the basket contained a fish which the lady could have bought in her own market, and fresher by eight-and-twenty hours, for as many shillings. No doubt, however, the lady's fish had a London air, which redeemed its want of freshness!—We have often recollected this fish when hearing of the monies paid by local Societies to "stars," on no argument of musical worth, but simply from a hankering after what is "the fashion" in London. So far as Art is concerned, such money is worse than wasted. It is owing to local jealousy on the one hand, and to a foolish spirit of imitation on the other, that our provincial performances so imperfectly represent the amount of musical skill and science existing beyond the light of our London lamps. In Germany, choral music means cordial intercourse. Why should it not be so in towns so near one to the other as those of Lancashire and Yorkshire named?—and why, by wise combination and conciliation, should not a first-rate orchestra be maintained among them, on the most liberal and effective scale, totally independent of London, enabling our northern amateurs and Societies to have grand performances of the best works, as frequently as now is possible in the metropolis? We know that what Mrs. Thrale called "the flash" of "gentlemen on the Committee" would have to be somewhat mitigated ere such harmony could be brought to pass; but that some reform and advancement are possible, we shall never cease to dream,—nor from time to time to advocate.

It is said that Musical Festival will be held this autumn at Leeds.

Our "season," so far as music is concerned, bids fair to be one of musical bustle and rivalry. We perceive that the *New Philharmonic Society*, alluded to a week since, should rather be called the *newest Society*, seeing that Dr. Wybley no means intends giving up his concerts, nor the name with which he invested them. They are to begin on the 19th of next month, and a sort of historical air is to be given to them: since one night is to be devoted to Mozart, another to Beethoven, a third to Mendelssohn.

Mr. Lumley shows the policy of the hay-maker in sunshiny weather, by repeating, as he has done this week, at cheap prices, the operas in which his favourite artist, Signor Giulini, and that clever actress, Mdlle. Piccolomini, appear. What novelty, however, he has in reserve against his "dead season," it seems hard to divine.

We observe the advertisement for two prizes offered by *Mr. Henry Leslie's* Choir for the best glee, to be delivered in by Midsummer. In such competitions we have small faith; nor is the measure, however well meant, called for, the present state of vocal composition in England considered. Commissions distributed with even-handed sagacity might lead to a result more satisfactory to every one interested.

A comfortable sight in Bow Street (where criminal sights are more numerous than comfortable ones) has been shown within the last few days in the form of a gigantic urn, hoisted to its own peculiar corner hard by the Kemble Tavern, which tells that the bricklayers of the new Opera House have reached what *Mrs. Gamp* called "the parapage." The cementers, too, are setting to work on the face of the building,—and we are assured by persons who have no interest in spreading delusion that the

building can be ready in time for the promised opening in May.

Miss Arabella Goddard gave another proof of her versatility and industry at the *Crystal Palace Concert*, on Saturday last, when she performed M. Moscheles' Fourth Pianoforte Concerto in E major. This is one of the most showy, if not one of the best, of the composer's eight Concertos. That music so excellent in finish and so high in the order of intelligence will have its turn, and return, seems to us a probability beyond dispute,—the fulfilment of which is already "setting in," and not merely here (as was again proved by a revival of the composer's "Recollections of Ireland," at the *Amateur Concert on Monday last*), but in Germany, too, where a revived sense of the author's value has justifiably attended his great success as a professor of the pianoforte in the Leipzig Conservatory.—These *Crystal Palace Concerts*, again, show that the music of M. Gounod is making its way, as all true things will do, irresistibly;—no matter by whom are the barriers put up. His first Symphony, we observe, was repeated at Sydenham on Saturday. Dignity being permissible here, we may mention having lately seen a sacred song, *Jésus de Nazareth* (Paris, Lebeau), written for M. Bataille by M. Gounod. The words are not what could, or *should*, pass in England, according to our ideas of devotion,—but the music is thoroughly original—a happy combination of ancient harmonies and large phrases of melody with modern forms,—as new with all its gravity as it is possible for music to be.

The season of the Italian Opera at Paris is drawing to a close, without any apparent intention of its managers to produce the unfamiliar opera, by Signor Rossini, announced at its outset. They have by this time presented the "Don Desiderio" of the Prince Joseph Poniatowski. The Neapolitan Correspondent of the *Morning Post* announces that Signor Verdi's new opera written for *San Carlo* will not be given there,—the maestro having withdrawn his work and left Naples displeased with the police, the censorship, the management (which may include the materials placed at his disposal).—"La Juive" has not pleased at Genoa, in spite of the splendour with which the opera has been produced. Mlle. Clara Duprez has appeared at the *Teatro Carcano*, Milan, in "Il Barbiere," and succeeded in spite, it is said, of strong opposition on the part of some among her audience.

It was stated the other day, in the French journals, that a mystery, set to music, called "The Last Judgment," was in consideration at one of the opera-houses, with a view of modifying some of the difficulties formed by scruple as to the subject being practicable on the stage. — This week's *Gazette Musicale* mentions a grand concert about to be given at Lyons by a Professor, at which will be produced Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana," set to music by that pleasant person, M. Elwart. "The author's intention," says the paragraph, "was to present the picture as it stands in the Louvre,—but high religious proprieties have obliged him to offer to the public the score alone, without the picturesque aids of scenery and varied costume." There is something in French reverence which seems stranger and stranger to English eyes the more closely that it is regarded.—A revival of "La Perle de Brésil," by M. Félicien David, has just taken place, with great care and splendour, at the *Théâtre Lyrique*.

Herr Fröhlich is in London with a new musical invention called a "Semeiomelodeon," a machine intended to facilitate the study of music by sounding the note of the scale shown to the pupil. There is ingenuity in the idea, and it brings with it its recommendations and testimonials—among the latter one from M. Félicien. But there is only one test and testimonial for all such contrivances, be they ever so specious,—and that is Time. Mr. Logier's *Cheiroplan* (without which no *Miss Cravley* would play her lesson thirty years ago)—Col. Hawker's *Hand-moulds*—M. Sudre's system of telephony—where are they?—The *Metronome* is the one invention which has kept its ground. Herr Fröhlich's fancy is worth examining by careful professors, but we must leave persons more experienced

than ourselves in tuition to decide on its value, used singly or in conjunction with other methods.

The well-known French actor, M. Bernard-Léon, died the other day at Paris, aged seventy-three.

A new move in the question of copyright and copy-right has been made in Liverpool by managerial folly. This was a solemn prohibition which appeared in the bill of a concert given at St. George's Hall, on Saturday last. The prohibition is Mr. Harrison's, who, "to avoid unpleasantness" (so he writes) requests the manager "to remove from the *programme* of the evening" the laughing Trio in "The Rose of Castille," on the plea "that the sole right of representing, or causing to be represented, the opera 'The Rose of Castille,' or any portion of the same opera, is vested in our management for a series of years."—The right is clear, presuming that concert singing passes for "representation,"—but the reason for thus limiting the popularity of music, for which managers and publishers have paid money, may be questioned without "unpleasantness."

MISCELLANEA

Secrets of the Alchemists.—A friend has written from Philadelphia and assures me that your journal is distinguished for "a rare virtue in journalism, magnanimity." Trusting in this, I venture to ask space for a few lines in reference to the notice of my "Remarks on Alchemy and the Alchemists," which appeared in No. 1572. I will endeavour to be brief. The writer of that notice is of opinion that I have "made nothing of whatever" in books of alchemy, "did not suit my purpose"; and after admitting that many of the extracts in my volume from Basil Valentine "seem to prove my position very clearly," thinks there are other passages "which seem more applicable to antimony than to human nature"; and he cites the following as decisive:—"Grind the glass of antimony to as subtle a powder as you can, then put it in a glass vessel with a flat bottom, and pour upon the powder the juice of unripe grapes; then, having well sealed the vessel, digest it for certain days. This being done, abstract all the juice; afterwards, grind it well, moistened with spirit of vinegar, and a double weight of clarified sugar. Then, having put it into a retort, in the name of the Most High begin to distil, and at last administer a vehement fire, and you shall acquire a most red oil; which must be clarified unto transparency with spirit of wine."—Triumphal Chariot of Antimony, p. 78. Upon the above passage the writer of the notice observes:—"Now, antimony may be human nature, but what is the glass of it, and how is it to be mixed with twice the weight of anything which we can imagine clarified sugar to stand for?"—and he evidently supposes that no explanation of this passage is possible upon my theory; but he is mistaken. The passage in question is one of the most simple in use among alchemists, and if the writer of the notice had read my "Remarks" with tolerable attention the interpretation could not have been difficult to him. At page 100 of my "Remarks" I have explained that, "by glass (of antimony) we are to understand *purity*, often spoken of as *crystalline glass*"; and I referred to the "white earth" of Arreping (pp. 81, 85, 87, 89, 90, &c.), as meaning the same thing. The juice of sour grapes refers to the sad and often bitter experiences which some men are compelled to pass through as a means of awakening them to the importance of life, and as necessary (I say with some men) to teach or induce a proper humility, and thus prepare them for improvement, to make them willing to profit by the truth. The spirit of vinegar is explained in many places in my "Remarks." Clarified sugar signifies the truth, which in Psalm cix. 103, is declared to be sweet:—"How sweet are the words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." The word of God, to a soul properly prepared to receive it, is sweeter than clarified sugar. It, now, with this aid, the writer of the notice is at a loss to make out the meaning of the passage he quotes from Basil Valentine, I must leave him in possession of his convictions. The writer refers to the allusion I make to the Differential Calculus, and seems much amazed at what he evidently thinks a strange vagary of mine about "infinitely small quantities":—he has "never heard of the indefinitely small space between the end of a line and the line itself, till now." This is the writer's language, not mine. It is no fault of mine that he is unacquainted with the principle at the root of the Calculus. If he had been familiar with mathematical works he would have known that mathematicians have discussed among themselves the nature of a Differential, and have sought in vain for some mode of expressing it free from apparent contradiction. One mode of speaking of a Differential is to call it a quantity existing in its vanishing; not before, for then it is something; not after, for then it is nothing. Now, I submit that this fully justifies the reference I made to it. But I promised to be brief. I ask nothing but a candid reading for my "Remarks," and I feel persuaded that the result will be a decided conviction that the alchemists were what I say of them—men in pursuit of truth and goodness, under great difficulties, considering the age in which, for the most part, they lived, surrounded as they were by ignorance and exposed to persecution. They wrote altogether in symbols, allegories, and figures; but their subject was man, and their object was his perfection. I refer, of course, to the genuine alchemists, but do not deny that there were impostors who, under pretence of the transmutation of metals, imposed upon the ignorant. If the writer of the notice will look into the didactic letter, "To the Students in Magic for Astral [meaning

heavenly] Secrets," prefixed to "An Easy Introduction to the Philosopher's Magical Gold," he will see a distinct reference to the secret language employed by the alchemists. He will find a still more remarkable account of various modes of concealment, and the reasons for it, as adopted by "wise men from the beginning," in an alchemical work by Roger Bacon, entitled, "Of the Admirable Force of Art and Nature," where the matter of the stone is called *salt*; the salt intended by Bacon being that spoken of in Scripture,—"Ye are the salt of the earth." I, therefore, reiterate the opinion that the genuine alchemists were in no sense whatever in pursuit of gold or perishable treasures, and am sure that they would warn all men, in the language of Scripture, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." How far the alchemists influenced society in the Middle Ages and assisted to produce the Reformation, I cannot undertake to say; but I well assured that the subject is worth the study of the historian, but still more of the philosopher, who may be much assisted, by the study of alchemical works, in reaching a better knowledge of himself by the necessity they impose of always looking beyond the letter, and of verifying all results by what the alchemists call the *possibility of nature*.

E. A. H.

St. Louis, Missouri, Feb. 14.

* * * Our modesty will not allow us to take credit for much magnanimity in printing the above, which we have read with great amusement, and at which we should think no antimony could help a hearty laugh. We are amused, too, at the lesson we have got in the differential calculus. We quoted our Correspondent correctly. He makes the mathematician make a right and left side to a point, draw two tangents to the circle through these imaginary sides, and then makes them assume "an indefinitely small space between the point and the two tangents"—[See our quotation, No. 1572, p. 1546]. Of all this we need hardly tell any mere beginner that they are as innocent as Basil Valentine was of confusing antimony with humanity. Our Correspondent has got hold, from some incorrect quotation, of Newton's phraseology about *ultimate ratios*, which was never assigned to *differentials*. The idea of a quantity "existing in its vanishing" has been confounded by our Correspondent, who is not so deep in mathematics as in alchemy, with Newton's idea of *ratio* existing at the moment when the *terms vanish*. And this he calls in aid of his notion of a point with two sides to it, a tangent at each side, and an indefinitely small space between the point and the tangents. Of course there is no crocket but what has its solitary maintainer:—and we remember a recent Belgian work, on definite integrals, which does concoct a differential out of this something-nothing, which "E. A. H." puts into "the principle at the root of the calculus." We know, also, of the use made by Berkeley of the "ghosts of departed quantities," as he called them: but this was in satirical attack, which some of the under-strappers had merited. But all this does not justify "E. A. H." in asserting that mathematicians put the small end of the wedge between the tangent and the point of contact.

Bro and Brogue.—Some few months ago, a Correspondent observed in your journal that "Cymro" and "Allobro" (known to the Romans as "Allobro") signified "compatriot" and "foreigner." The modern French keep up this idea. "Franc Gaulois" and "Gaulois" is a high term of commendation, like the "Altdutsch" of the German; whereas "un Allobroge" is the disparaging epithet of a vulgar clown. So the East-English peasantry are apt to decry all new comers as being "out of the shires," and therefore of a less high strain of descent. I may here remark that the word "bro," or country, occurs commonly in Breton, e.g. in the poems of Brigeux, better known as the author of the beautiful French poem "Marie."—

O Breiz Izal! O k'lder bro!
Eoad cum hé chrez, mè en hé srò.
O Bretagne-Ile! land dear to me,
Thy centre oak, thy girle sea.

Carisbroke, in the Isle of Wight, seemingly Anglo-Saxon, is asserted to be, according to "Maister W. Lambarde," Caer-bro, or the Fortress of the Land,—like Richborough, the Burg of the Reich, or Saxon kingdom of Kent. Every reader will recognize the word in the familiar "brogue," the *patois* of the native of Erin, when unambitious to "catch the English accent."—I am, &c., E. R. P.

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